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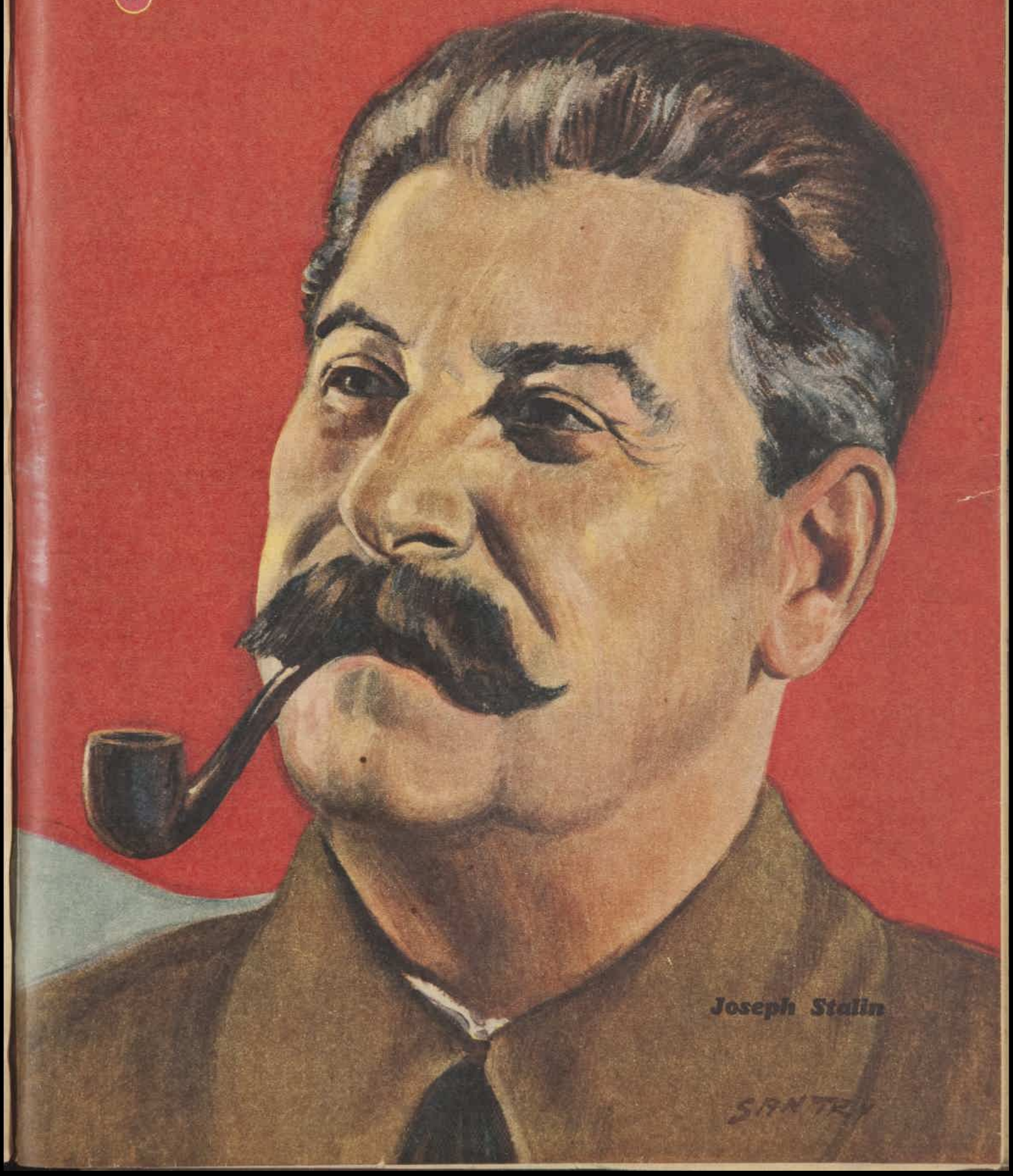

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TINKER, TAILOR, SOLDIER, SAILOR . . .

By
JANE SIMPSON

● The usual collection of spinsters and grass-widows were gossiping and knitting round the radiator in the Simpson establishment last Friday night when Genevieve, the worse for a hard day's work, burst in. "I have decided to look," she announced as she sank exhausted into the nearest armchair, "for a kind and cultured millionaire."

"We lived on a wonderful sub-tropical island where Clarence typed all day and I lay under a palm-tree."

"I KNOW it's defeatist," she sighed as we restored her with a cup of coffee, "but that's my peace aim. I've had enough of this career stuff."

Genevieve was in a low state, induced by too much work, but all of us had to agree that the phrase 'kind and cultured millionaire'

mad in a tent surrounded by menacing Mexicans (well, menacing natives), while her husband added another pylon to the outposts of Empire.

Sometimes, she says, he was a famous explorer instead of an engineer, but whichever, he was always frightfully adventurous, a lean, hawknosed type, who, but for her, would never have been where he was.

"Now," she said, "I couldn't stand the climate."

These revelations inspired an admission from Euphemia, who is engaged to an ex-soldier who works for the Post Office.

"A sea captain's wife," she said dreamily. "I used to spend hours thinking about it. I always went to sea with him, and would stand on the bridge beside him with my hair tied up in a very nice scarf, while we battled round Cape Horn.

"All the sailors used to come to me with their troubles, and they'd say, 'She's an exception to the story about a woman bringing bad luck at sea.'

"Often I knitted them balaclavas and things, and I used to give the cook wonderful recipes for hard tack.

"Once we were wrecked on a beautiful coral island. Everybody else except my husband and I got into the lifeboats, but, of course, I went down with him and the ship.

"Anyway, we swam ashore and lived very happily on washed-up wreckage and with the help of friendly natives for some months.

"We were rescued, and had headlines in papers all over the world, and I made quite a lot of money out of writing a book about it all."

The bit about the book made me remember Clarence. Clarence was a figment of my 18-year-old imagination.

He was an author, who wrote best-sellers which were also literary gems.

Clarence didn't care about the plaudits of the world, and we lived on a wonderful sub-tropical island, where Clarence typed away all day in our picturesque bungalow, while I sat under a palm tree or went swimming.

I don't know who did the housework on this island, and I could never make up my mind whether I wrote, too (but in quite a different vein, of course), or whether I was his inspiration and proof-corrector.

Sometimes wearying of the simple life we set off in our yacht for Europe, where we had a few gay weeks in the South of France, exchanging brilliant repartee with Mr. Michael Arlen and a couple of Marquises, while everyone whispered: "They say he'd never have written a line if she hadn't encouraged him."

At this stage of my life I had not met any authors.

So far most of our early dreams seemed to be of helping young men to fame, but Laura was embittered by an early experience of selling vacuum-cleaners in London. She went there for a trip in the gay pre-war days, but omitted to provide herself with enough money.

She tried to sell vacuum-cleaners for a month before she got a real job, and she says that even now, though married several years, she sometimes regrets that she never secured her imaginary husband.

He was the product of an imagination soured by too many doors shut in her face.

"He was to be very rich, but rather vulgar," she told us as she knitted a cardigan for her second eldest. "He wore simply awful clothes, and spoke very badly, but he had enormous quantities of money.

"All the rich and elegant people who used to send their maids out to tell me they didn't want a vacuum-cleaner would have fawned on us, because he was so rich that he could make and break governments.

"I would have spent hours refusing their invitations, or occasionally accepting one just for the pleasure of seeing them make a fuss of us.

"Sometimes I would embarrass them by recalling the vacuum-cleaner days. Oh, boy, would they have squirmed!"

There remained only Judith, our blonde, and Francie, our glamor girl.

Judith disclaimed any elaborate dreams, but admitted to just one fancy. "All my life," she said, "I have wanted a tall boy-friend. I know I'm only 5ft. 3in. But every man taller than 5ft. 6in. avoids me like the plague, and I've spent hours in front of the mirror practising looking up alluringly at a face a foot above mine."

"Now, come across, Francie," we asked. "You must have had an ideal one time or another."

Francie looked rather shamefaced. "To tell the truth," she said, "I've never had time. There are always so many real men round, don't you think?"

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No Other Love

"I've had rather special news to-day, Susan," Roderic said eagerly.

By MARY HOWARD

SUSAN looked into the five inches of cracked mirror over the sink, and examined each grey eye separately—her nose demurely powdered, her mouth decorously free from lipstick—and picked up the first tea-tray to carry it into the ward.

Bridget Ryan came in at that moment, her bright red hair demurely hidden beneath her cap, and made at once for the mirror to examine her face feature by feature. Appearances mattered a lot in a hospital where men came after stifling weeks in the desert, sick of heat and the flies and other masculine faces.

Bridget started to nag. "Now don't be late to-night, Chester—comin' back I'll meet you at the usual palm. Have you got five shillings to bribe Hassim to let Jimmy out?"

Jimmy was Ryan's latest—a fighter pilot. He was not very badly wounded, and had every native servant in the place bought, and he could climb walls like a monkey with his right arm still in a sling.

Susan handed over the five shillings with suitable warnings as to what matron would say if she found out, which did not impress Bridget in the least. "Ah, sure," she said. "Nurses aren't two a penny in the Middle East." Susan laughed and went into the ward. Two hours yet before she went off duty. Then she was free. Free? The wedding ring on her hand suddenly felt as heavy as though it were a fetter about her wrist. She did not know why she still wore it. It has surely ceased to have any meaning long ago? She supposed it was just some illogical streak in her that made her wear it until she had the legal right to put it away forever.

That might be quite some time. Her mother's letters were always full of it—sometimes depressed, sometimes hopeful. "Your Uncle Aubrey says that it is almost impossible to collect the necessary evidence of either desertion or infidelity with both parties out of the country. He suggests you take advice out there. Major Ainsworth looks a most charming man. I met his sister last week. She tells me he has a glorious place in Worcestershire." By that her mother meant it was high time she cut the last ties that bound her to Ronny, and made up her mind about Roderic.

Women of her mother's world and generation married young, if they had the right kind of looks, and usually stayed married. But they did not get married in a tweed suit, at a registry office, to a crazy journalist. Crazy? Was he? She had a sudden vivid picture of Ronny, clear, brown eyes, jaw pugnacious and cocky, nose snub and aggressive mouth sensitive, cynical. She thought suddenly: Darling Ronny . . . and then was furious with herself. It was part of what Roderic Ainsworth would call her incorrigible, childish sentimentality.

He would smile as he said that, as though there was nothing she could do, however foolish, that would not appear adorable to him.

Sometimes this attitude was comforting. Sometimes she wished Roderic would see her as the theatre nurse, then perhaps he would not think her foolish and too pretty to be taken seriously. But there were occasions when this attitude was all she wanted. It made her feel feminine, luxurious and lovely, which was exactly what she had been brought up to be.

It made her think of Ronny again. Ronny slamming through their top-floor flat, shouting to her as he threw things into a bag. "Listen, Sue. Get on to Croydon and find out what time the Paris plane leaves. Then get me a bottle of beer and some food, and ring for a taxi. You can come, too, chick, if you like. We could go to the Tabarin to-night, and get the morning plane back. I could phone the story through."

She had stood in that untidy, inconvenient flat staring at him. She who in all her life with Nanny, governesses, finishing school in Paris, had never to iron a handkerchief. She remembered how she had looked at him. How she had said: "How can I go to Paris in ten minutes, and do all this for you as well? I'm not ready to go. I just can't be ready."

Ronny answering: "Sweetheart, you look glorious, but you're old enough to know whether you want to come or not. Be snappy. I've got fifteen minutes."

She had dithered and protested, and asked him to catch a later plane, and in the end he had gone without her, kissing her as he went so that her heart lifted and flew after him, hating him for going without her, hating herself for not having the sense to grab the nearest decent dress. Then her mother had telephoned and caught her in tears and sent the car to fetch her home for the week-end. That was the first time she had left him.

Putting a tea-tray down by a bed and carefully propping a blond sergeant - pilot up against his pillows, she thought, suddenly agonised: Which of us was the fool?

The sergeant-pilot said awkwardly: "You're married, aren't you, nurse?"

She nearly said: "I was—for one catastrophic year and two catastrophic leaves." That would involve explanations, so she smiled brightly and said: "Yes," sitting by him, feeding him.

"Got any kids?"

Her face froze, and the hand that held the bread and butter went stiff with the effort to stop it shaking.

"One."

Nearly four years ago, Christopher. Born the week after England was plunged into the war, and Ronny threw his job up and volunteered for the R.A.F., and went off to train just as her mother said, when he should be thinking of settling down and staying with his young wife at this critical period of her life. Christopher would be nearly four now.

He had been three months old when Susan had surrendered. Surrendered to her mother and father and Uncle Aubrey, and gone back home to what Ronny called "that dumb Maidenhead clique." She could see herself then. The most hopeless, helpless, spoiled creature. The flat was never tidy, and she never got a meal because there was no room for a maid to live in and she had an instinct for the most impossible daily helps. Ronny was away, training to be a pilot.

Her mother arrived and took her home, and nanny came out of her semi-retirement, claimed Christopher and devoted her days to him. Susan had nothing to do. She thought Ronny would be thrilled to come back to the girl he had married. The girl with the time on her hands to be beautiful and amusing.

He came to Maidenhead for his first leave. He carried Christopher about in his arms, and talked to him in colored R.A.F. slang. He said: "For heaven's sake, Sue, call that starched old harridan off. She clucks after me all day. Does she think I'm going to infect the kid with something? Don't you feel you ought to look after him yourself, Sue? They're turning the kid into a prize poodle between them."

Her mother had said icily: "Christopher could not have better care. He is having exactly the same care that Susan had herself when she was a child."

Ronny's dark brows had twisted, and he had said impossibly: "That's what I mean."

They had quarrelled, Ronny cynical and vehement, her mother hanging on to her dumb dignity by a hair breadth.

"Sue, I think you ought to go back to the flat," he said next day at lunch.

That started it. Susan had sat there silently, listening to them wrangling, rather wanting to stand up for Ronny, but dreading the lonely flat. By the time lunch ended they had got nowhere; by the time Ronny left that night to go back to camp still nothing was settled.

His next leave was a strange one. He wired her to meet him, and they spent an idyllic five days together in Devon—a honeymoon five days. Then he told her he was going abroad.

She had not been able to answer—he was going away. She had not dreamed of that.

"I wanted you to have the romance back again—after all the wrangling. But I want you to remember that when I come back it will be just the same as it was before. Never enough money for the sort of clothes and smart places you have been used to. I'll be coming back to the old job, only I've put in for foreign work. That will be all over the world, and you'll be alone a lot, unless you come with me."

She had burst into tears. "I thought it was coming right," she said childishly. "I thought it was always going to be like it has been these five days."

He had cupped her cheek in his hand. "No one can have it like this always. This is to show you what it will sometimes be like—but it will take both of us to make it like this. You understanding and helping—and me, for once in my life, behaving—and being tolerant."

She'd gone wrong then. She had wept and said: "Don't go away, Ronny. If you really loved me, you wouldn't have volunteered to go. If you'd really loved me you wouldn't have asked for this foreign work after the war—if they want you back why couldn't you have asked for work inside, so you would be home often?"

His face had set—there was something in his eyes she could not fathom, exasperation, anger—a sort of hopeless resignation.

"It's no use," he shrugged. "You never will understand. I asked for that work because it's my sort of work—the thing I can do better than anything else. I volunteered for service abroad because they'll need pilots in plenty and pretty soon. I guess it's good-bye this time, Sue." He turned and walked away from her and she had not seen him again or heard from him.

She had telephoned her mother, who had come and wafted her back to Maidenhead, and said she must get some new clothes and have a little holiday. They went to Scotland. It was not much fun.

She kept thinking about Ronny, and wondering if he would send a cable—but he never did. She only knew that he was still alive by the money paid into her bank each month—presumably for Christopher. She went down into an abyss of unhappiness.

They could not comfort her. There was nothing in all their repertoire that could comfort her. Even little Christopher had begun to rely too much on nanny to bother with mummy. She joined the Red Cross as a probationer, choosing it as the most difficult thing she could find, and did get some sort of salvation in those first grim months, learning discipline, learning a rugged sort of self-respect.

They hated it at home. When she volunteered to go abroad it seemed to her mother that the daughter she had reared and educated had died. Susan hated leaving Christopher, but he did not really need her.

Susan had been in Egypt just six months, and they had been strange, dreadful, hard-working months.

The week she arrived she had met Roderic Ainsworth. He was on the staff at the base; up to his eyes in work, grateful to spend his rare hours off duty in her company. A handsome, soldierly man of nearly forty, and soon very much in love with this thin, sun-tanned, blonde girl very anxious to make her short hours of freedom as luxurious and charming as possible.

Susan thought, a little defiantly, that she deserved this. These evenings out at some exclusive restaurant listening to Roderic's charming, amusing talk, appreciating the sense of being admired and flattered again. She wrote home about him and sent them a snap of Roderic and herself posed a little self-consciously at the foot of the picturesque ruins. Her mother's letters had been approving.

"You must do your best to get your freedom now," she wrote. "Now there is a possibility of peace in the near future. You must look after your own happiness. You cannot continue in this life indefinitely—it isn't fair to Christopher."

Susan sighed. Fair to Christopher? She seemed to hear Ronny's voice saying gently, cynically: "Don't let them make too much of a gold-plated ninny of him."

The young sergeant watched her set down his empty cup on the tea-tray. "I want you to write a letter for me. Nurse Ryan would, but she's not married, and I'd feel better if you did. You understand how a man feels about his wife and kids."

Did she? She smiled a little bitterly, found his pencil and an air-mail letter form in his locker, and wrote the letter to his dictation. The usual brave, rather pitiful letter, trying to conceal its almost desperate hunger for home and love. As she signed it for him, Bridget sailed up, eyes popping.

"Sister wants you to go into the theatre. Green's running a temperature of a hundred and three. She's been sent to bed. The Slug is operating."

Susan rose, mechanically, folding and sealing the letter, bending to address it. "Me? Isn't there anyone else?"

"Seems not—Jones is off duty. Go on, hurry. You know the Slug hates to be late for his dinner. You'll be out on time for a pleasant evening with the dean Majah!"

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CHECKMATE

By JEAN SCOTT

"Best of luck," Brendan Wolfe said, looking at Mary with interest.

"SHE plays chess you know," Joan said scornfully.

"How odd. I suppose for relaxation she reads inscriptions on monuments. I believe she writes poetry of some sort, too," Vera said, as she glanced at Mary.

Mary heard their remarks, but only smiled. They weren't usually such a scratchy pair, but this morning they were smarting after being reprimanded for careless work.

She played chess; her whole family had played it. And she enjoyed it, too, she thought defensively. She was a member of a chess club, and she enjoyed the satisfaction of having played with some of the best players in the State.

Well, she wasn't going to be fussed about what a couple of flappers thought of her. So she went on with her typing as though she hadn't heard them.

She realised then that they had switched from her and were animatedly discussing a playwright, Brendan Wolfe, whom the manager had met in England some years ago. Mr. Wolfe had arrived recently in Australia, and was expected in the office that day.

"He must lead a frightfully exciting life," Joan said. "I've often seen his photo in English magazines, with captions such as 'Mr. Brendan Wolfe, the well-known playwright, opening such and such an affair,' or 'Mr. Wolfe playing golf.'

"The boss expects him in about three, and if he," nodding toward Mr. Craig's door, "is in a good mood he's sure to introduce him to us," Joan almost purred at the prospect.

"I certainly hope he does, otherwise it was sheer waste me getting my hair set and wearing my new earrings," Vera said.

"Do you suppose we could offer him afternoon tea?" Vera asked Mary.

"If such godlike creatures drink tea," Mary couldn't resist saying, but at Vera's scowl went on quickly: "Of course."

Vera and Joan after this made an attempt to settle down to work. An air of subdued expectancy hung in the air. Every time the outer door opened heads swung round like spectators at a tennis match.

Mr. Craig emerged from his office, saying: "I'll be at the club if anything important turns up. I'm meeting Mr. Wolfe there."

"The old wretch!" Vera spluttered. "He'll probably stay there for hours, and won't bring him back."

"Well, you can't altogether blame him," Mary tried to reason with them. "Men seem to enjoy each other's company, and it must be a pleasant club. Mr. Craig spends so much time there. Besides, he wouldn't know we were hoping to see his friend."

They glared, and Joan said: "Don't pretend you were keen to meet him. You're Craig's secretary, and write poetry," the sneer only partly hidden, "so, between the two you could have thought of some way of dropping him a hint, if you'd been interested."

"Yes, I suppose I could have." Mary felt a twinge of remorse.

These young things felt their disappointment so grimly.

Then she smiled. "I've got a plan. We'll give the old boy half an hour, then I'll phone him that something has cropped up that needs his attention."

They fairly sprang at her, and Vera said: "Good old Mary. I knew you'd rally round."

Mary devised the reason for Mr. Craig's return, and phoned him.

A bit later he arrived, accompanied by Brendan Wolfe, who looked not at all as Mary had pictured him. This chap looked more like a young farmer.

Mr. Craig introduced them, and some mischievous imp prompted him to add, as he mentioned Mary, "she tries to write poetry, y'know," and guffawed loudly. Mr. Wolfe didn't laugh, merely said, "You only try?"

"Yes."

He smiled, and said: "Editors are the very devil, aren't they? I could paper a room with rejection slips. Best of luck, anyway."

Suddenly conscious she was monopolising the conversation, she suggested that she and the girls get the afternoon tea.

It was all very pleasant. Mr. Craig joked in his ponderous way, and the two men remained for tea in the general office.

During one of the lulls in conversation, Mr. Craig asked Wolfe: "Do you still play chess?" and, as he nodded, "Mary, Miss Norton here, plays a good game. We belong to the same club, and she frequently has me scratching."

Mary was relieved that Wolfe didn't pursue the subject, though he nodded interestedly.

A few days passed without further distractions in the office, until the day Mr. Craig popped his head out and said: "Mr. Wolfe is on the phone," and when they looked up, went on, astonishingly: "He wants to talk to you, Mary."

Mary blushed, and wished someone had inveigled poor dear Mr. Craig into a course of tact in ten easy lessons. She heard Joan's: "Well, isn't she a dark horse?"

Then she was listening to Craig's pleasant voice, "Is that you, Miss Norton? Hope I'm not a nuisance, but I'm expected to attend a ball to-morrow night, and am hoping I can persuade you to come with me."

After Mary had agreed to go, and arranged time and place for him to call for her, she realised she now would be expected to explain the call to Joan and Vera. Might be a sound idea if she handled the truth just a little carelessly. They'd be sure to take a dim view of it if she to'd them she was going dancing.

"Well?" their eyebrows seemed to say as she came in. "Mr. Wolfe wants to take me to some charity affair."

They didn't look overjoyed, and Vera said: "Why did he pick on you?"

"Goodness knows," Mary laughed, "unless he wanted someone quite inconspicuous so's not to steal any of his limelight."

They didn't look convinced, though obviously trying to believe this explanation. It was all very surprising, their averted eyes inferred.

Just before Mary finished work next day the girls unbent to the extent of giving her a spray of flowers. Vera said it was sure to be a frowsy affair, so Wolfe wouldn't be likely to send her flowers.

But he did, they were there when she arrived home, lily-of-the-valley, looking, as Vera would have said, most elegant in a cellophane box, with friendly little note attached.

When she arrived at work next morning, Joan and Vera were in a huddle over the paper, and Joan said, "Did you see your name here?" There it was, saying she'd accompanied the noted English playwright.

Joan and Vera looked at her accusingly, but she couldn't feel guilty, she felt much too happy.

As the day wore on, though, she felt rather sorry they were taking such an attitude about it. Their studied silence was chilling, and much of it could be intolerable.

She'd arranged to go walking with Wolfe on Saturday afternoon, and when they met, she asked, "Where shall we go?"

"We'll hop on a tram, and get off at some place that looks especially good."

As the tram rounded a bend, Brendan grabbed her arm, and said: "Look at that quaint old church. I must see it closer."

Near the creeper-covered church was a monument, so old they were almost unable to read the inscription. Mary and Brendan felt time roll back as they tried to decipher the lettering and some of the dates —1852, 1860.

Suddenly the spell was broken, a laughing voice called, "Hello, Mary! Hello, Mr. Wolfe!" and there stood Joan and Vera, obviously stifling their giggles with the greatest difficulty.

There was no jealous envy now in their glances.

Quite obviously, any man who could waste his time reading vain inscriptions held no interest for Joan and Vera. Their faces said as much, and said it much more plainly than words.

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PASTORAL

By . . .

NEVIL SHUTE

FLIGHT - LIEUTENANT PETER MARSHALL, captain of the bomber R for Robert, falls in love with W.A.A.F. SECTION-OFFICER GERVASE ROBERTSON.

Marshall is one of the station's outstanding pilots, his success being largely due to excellent teamwork with his crew. He also shares his pet hobby of fishing with SERGEANT-PILOT GUNNAR FRANCK, his navigator, and SERGEANT PHILLIPS, his rear-gunner.

Out together on an expedition in the woods, Marshall asks Gervase to marry him.

Now read Column 1.

"The captain, he has been difficult to please," Gunnar told her unhappily.

THERE was a long silence. Now that the worst had happened, Gervase found that all awkwardness had disappeared. Marshall's frankness seemed to give her licence to speak freely herself.

"Look," she said at last, "that's perfectly absurd. We've only met twice or three times."

He said: "Well, that's not true, because we've been meeting almost every day in the mess. But if it was true—so what? Do you think that matters?"

She thought for a moment. "No, I don't," she said. "I think you're right there. I think if you wanted to marry anybody you'd probably know in the first five minutes."

"Well, I did," he said quietly, "even if you didn't. I knew I wanted you to marry me that first day of all, when we went to see the badger."

She said helplessly: "I'm frightfully sorry . . ."

They were still standing by the edge of the pool. Marshall said: "Let's go and sit on that stile."

She said: "I've got to go back soon."

"It won't hurt you to wait ten minutes." He smiled at her. "I won't try any of the rough stuff."

They left the pool, and carrying his rod and case they went toward the stile and sat upon it, one at each end so that there was a yard between them. As they went Marshall had time to collect his eloquence, and when they were settled he said:

"Look, Gervase. When I said we ought to give ourselves a chance, I meant just that. I hate this hole-and-corner business, snooping about in the bushes in case an AC2 sees us and starts gossiping on the station. If we were both in civil life I wouldn't have asked you to marry me the third time we went out together. But here, it's either that or go on creeping round the hedges, and I take a dim view of that."

She said: "There's nothing else to do, is there? If you don't want to set the whole station off talking."

He grinned at her. "I'd rather set the whole station off talking and have done with it."

"I don't see what good that would do," she said. "It'd just make things difficult."

He pulled out his cigarette-case and offered her one. She refused, and absently he lit one himself, flipped the match away, and blew a long cloud.

"I think I've been a fool," he said. "I'm sorry if I've upset you, Gervase."

She said: "You've not upset me." As she spoke she knew that it would be months before she would be able to stop thinking about what was going on between them.

He glanced at her, and saw that her face was troubled, and her cheeks rather pink. "Would you like to hear my side of it?" he asked.

She said: "I don't think I would, Peter. It won't do any good."

"Maybe, but I'd like you to know."

He blew another cloud of smoke, considering his words. "I know we don't know much about each other," he said slowly. "But I do think this. I think we know enough to justify us in taking a chance together. When we know each other better we may get to hate the sight of one another, and then everything will come to an end, and we'll be well out of it."

"In that case," she observed, "we'd better not start."

"If I thought it was going to end like that," he said, "I wouldn't want to. But what I think is this. I think you're the finest girl I've ever met, Gervase, or that I'm ever likely to meet. I think I could make you happy, not only now but when we're old. In fifty years' time, when you've got rheumatism and I'm stone deaf, I think we'd still be happy together. That's what I think."

She did not speak.

"It's pretty early to speak to you about getting married," he said, "and you've got every right to shoot me down. But I'm glad I did."

There was a long silence. In the end she broke it. "When you said you wanted us to take a chance together," she said, "did you mean you wanted us to be engaged, or something?"

He thought for a minute. "If you like. What I really meant was that we should say, be hanged to the station. That we should meet as often as we like, and when we like. In the middle of the parade ground, if we like."

"We wouldn't go on like that for very long," she said practically. "One or other of us would get shifted. It would probably be me."

He said: "I'm sorry, Gervase. I didn't think that."

There was a pause, and then he said: "I don't think I object so much to dodging behind the hedges to kid the people on the station, so long as it's all right between ourselves. But I'm not going to kid you any more, Gervase. I think you're a lovely girl, and I think when we know each other a bit better we'll want to get married." He glanced at her. "I don't want there to be any misunderstanding about that."

She said: "There couldn't be now, Peter. You've said it about six different ways already."

He blew a cloud of smoke. "I'm pretty eloquent when I get going," he said. There was a pause, and then he added: "Mind if I ask a question?"

She shook her head, wondering what was coming now.

"You haven't got a boy-friend tucked away anywhere, have you?" he asked. "Somebody you knew at your last station?"

She thought rapidly of simulating an impassioned separation, and abandoned the idea as too difficult to improvise. "There's nobody like that," she said.

Marshall said: "I didn't think there was. And I might have known I'd get a straight answer." He glanced at her and met her eyes, smiling. "You really are a wizard girl," he said. "I'm doing this all wrong. I ought to be holding you clutched to my manly bosom, whispering hot words of love into your shell-like ear."

She said nervously: "You promised to cut out the rough stuff if I stayed."

He glanced at her. "Don't worry," he said gently. "I know when I'm not wanted."

Gervase sat mustering her thoughts, trying to think of ways to say the things she had to say without hurting him too much.

"You're not wanted," she said quietly. "Not in the way you mean." She glanced at him, sitting staring at the dead leaves on the ground before him, smoking quietly. "I don't want to be beastly to you, saying that. You've been very nice to me, Peter. You've done me a great honor saying you wanted to marry me. But I couldn't marry you just because of that."

He said: "I wouldn't want you to. But there's more to it than that. I think you like me a bit, too."

"I do like you," she said. "I like coming out with you. But I don't want to marry you. I don't want to marry anybody, not for six or seven years."

"Why not?" he asked.

She said desperately: "That's not what we're here for. When I joined the W.A.A.F. I didn't do it to get married. When I was trained in Signals, it was because they expected me to do some work in the R.A.F. It was a sort of bargain, and I do the best I can. It's not such important work as yours, but it's the best I can do. I couldn't give it up as soon as I'd started, just for a personal reason. I'd feel awfully mean if I did that."

"If you wanted to marry anyone," she declared, "you'd know it the first time you met."

There was a pause. Marshall said nothing, because he could not think of anything to say except that he loved her, and that seemed hardly relevant to what she said about her work. And presently Gervase went on:

"I don't think I'm a bit in love with you, Peter." She glanced at him, and glanced down again, troubled, and she said: "I'm sorry, but I'm not going to pretend. I like you awfully, and we do get on together, but that's different from being in love."

"Quite sure?" he asked.

She nodded. "I think I can tell you. People who fall in love and want to get married always think that matters more than anything else—they all do. And I suppose it does, if you're in love. I don't feel in the least like that. I think my job here matters more than getting married, or not getting married."

"I see," he said quietly.

She knew that she had hurt him, and the knowledge hurt her in turn. "We've both got jobs to do," she said. "We're on an operational station, Peter, after all. And there hasn't been much wrong with the R/T, or the W/T either, has there?"

He shook his head.

She said: "That matters frightfully to me. Much more than anything personal."

Marshall said slowly: "Suppose that when we knew each other better we did decide we wanted to get married. You might still go on in the W.A.A.F. while the war is on."

She shook her head. "If ever I did want to marry, I'd want to do it properly, not half and half. We wouldn't be able to be on the same station, probably. I don't think there'd be much point in getting married if we couldn't be together." She paused, and added cautiously: "Even if we wanted to."

There was a long silence between them. Presently she said: "Look at it the other way round—suppose it was you instead of me. Suppose you went to Wing-Commander Dobbie and said you were going to stop flying and leave the R.A.F. because you were in love."

He glanced up at her, grinning. "That's all different."

"It's not different at all," she retorted. "The only difference is that you can't do it and I can, if I care to. But that doesn't change the fact that we've both got jobs to do."

"That's how you feel about it—honestly, Gervase?"

She met his eyes. "Honestly, Peter—that's how I feel. That's why I know I'm not in love with you."

He said heavily: "Well, that just about puts the lid on it."

She looked despairingly out over the glade. There was a chaffinch on a bush not far from them. She would have liked to have pointed it out to him, and shared it with him, but it didn't seem to be quite the right time for that. With a sad heart she got down from the stile. It was time, she felt, to wind this up.

"I'm sorry, Peter," she said quietly. "Perhaps we'd better not come out again together for a while."

He cocked an eye at her. "Just what do you mean by 'for a while'?" he asked.

She searched her mind for words to express what she did mean. "I mean, until you can forget about what you've just told me," she said at last.

He stared at her. "Are you trying to say that you'd like to be a sister to me?" he inquired. "Because that's crackers." He hesitated, and then said more gently: "I think that'd be like trying to put back the clock."

"If you feel like that about it," she said, "then we'd better not meet at all."

He nodded. "That's how I do feel about it," he said. "I shan't change my mind. If we can't meet on the basis that I—I'm in love with you, then I think we'd better not meet at all."

She turned to him. "I'm sorry about this," she said. "Frightfully sorry. I have enjoyed going out with you." And then, feeling that the courtesies were complete, she turned away awkwardly, saying: "I really must go now."

"Okay," he said. "Find your way back all right?"

She said: "Oh yes—thanks." He watched her to the turning of the path, till she disappeared from view.

For half an hour he sat there mooning, staring at the black, sinister pool, trying to recover his nerve before going back to the station. Presently he lit a cigarette with fingers that shook a little and began to take down the little rod that he had been so proud of; there was no joy in it now. After a time he followed down the path to where his bicycle was lying in the bushes, and rode slowly back towards the station.

Gervase rode back ahead of him, her mind a blank. She felt tired and exhausted, as she felt when she stayed up all night upon an operation. She could not summon up the energy to think of what had happened; she only wanted to get home to her quarters and rest.

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SPRING SONG

"It's not all bread and honey being a proud father," says Press Censor Brown—another story about Susan.

"'Hey, Susan,'" I say, holding up my finger, "and she gurgles with delight."

By DALE COLLINS

THE day was so perfect that I had to greet even Assistant Press Censor Brown with enthusiasm. The spring does things to one. I felt at peace with the world, and anxious to make everybody happy.

"And how's Susan?" I asked eagerly—the one question he wanted to hear.

"Fine! Perfect!" he said. "Funny you should ask me. Wherever I go people inquire after her. Half the M. of I. know her by name, and so do folk in pubs, and all over the place. Yes, they all know Susan. Goes to show the kid's got personality."

He wasn't fooling either. The dumbbell really thought that was the explanation.

"Susan's Susan," I said gravely.

"That's just what I mean," he agreed, swallowing it rod, line, and sinker. He glanced out the window. Far below the trees in the park were green. The sun shone golden. He was well away . . .

. . . . . .

The spring! I never remember a lovelier spring, or one that came so early.

People in Britain are glad enough when winter's gone—and with cause, particularly these blackout nights—but I sometimes think we don't realise the full value of spring. It's been happening for years, but it's still a miracle.

I suppose having Susan kicking in her pram in the garden quickened my appreciation. I don't know. Even quite ordinary people seemed to feel the same way. Yet I imagine having a tiny young thing about the place, as fresh as the leaves, as pretty as the blossom, intensified the sense of spring.

And it was grand for her, this spring. Couldn't have been better if we'd planned it.

But, mind you, it wasn't all a matter of listening to the pipes of Pan and that poetical kind of stuff. Not by a long chalk. The daily woman—the one some kind friend had fixed to come to us—couldn't come in the end after all. They never can.

That meant that Midge, after only the fortnight with her people, had to turn to, and though she'd vowed she was as strong as a horse she soon found out she wasn't. And the work a baby makes. I could never have imagined that such a morsel could dirty so many things so often or cause such endless chores.

Now I've always been what the Scotch call "handless" about the house. It pays. If you can't put in a fuse, someone else does it. If you can't light a fire, you leave it, and presently it's lit for you. Selfish, perhaps, but very comfortable, and that's the way I've been all these years, both as a bachelor and as a married bachelor—which is what a married man without a baby is.

Anyway, that is old stuff now. I learnt to make a good cup of tea. I learnt to light a fire.

All the baby's washing had to be done in the bath. That's the way The Cottage is—picturesque but inconvenient. It was a back-breaking job. The other censors had quite a laugh when I told them I was washing. They thought it was a joke. It was a joke, and also a grim necessity. You don't get over having a baby quite as easily as you get over a cold.

Then there was the shopping. That's not a job you can do in odd moments any more. It's a morning's work. When you're married with a young baby you learn that.

You should see me shoving off with the house washing that simply can't be done at home—a huge bundle wrapped up in a sheet. A couple of shopping-bags in the other hand. Away I go, and feel quite light when I've got rid of the laundry. Then I start the round, and run into the other husbands who, for various reasons, are having to lend a hand.

I think most husbands would be the better for a course in shopping. It makes you realise how difficult the trouble-and-strife's job has become, and it fills you with a kind of awe at the way they get through it and manage to stay smiling. Or almost always smiling. And, of course, the kind of shopping we men do is simplified. I still don't understand the mysteries of ration books and coupons. That's all thought out for me, and explained for me in words of one syllable, with diagrams, before I set out. And the people in the shops are helpful, too. They expect husbands to be nitwits, and they're kind of tickled at us having to turn to, so that they don't mind a bit of extra trouble.

Mind, it's quite a lot of fun into the bargain.

These queues are a new kind of social and debating club where you hear the oddest bits of news and everything under the sun is discussed. I've had lots of quiet laughs.

Once a milkwoman went by, wheeling her cart. An Air Force lad walked with her.

"That's the Higgins'" I learnt. "They're such a devoted couple. It does your heart good. Every time he gets a spot of leave he spends it walking with her on her rounds. A real - life romance—that's what it is."

This was received with a sniff.

"I notice," said the sniffer, "he doesn't love her so much that he pushes the milk pram."

"Oh, come now," the romantically minded lady protested, "you couldn't expect that. Not in His Majesty's uniform. It wouldn't be proper."

And come to think of it, the Air Force chap and his milkmaid are romantic figures, 1945 pattern, though it wouldn't have struck me if I hadn't ever been shopping.

But to get back to Susan.

She's flourishing. Not a big baby, but every bit of her good. You should see her in her bath—a real water-baby, crowing and gurgling with delight. And smile! She's got the loveliest smile. You'd be surprised anything so like me could be so beautiful. And she turns this smile on at any hour of the day or night. You've only got to look at her and it dawns—shy at first, then growing until her whole face is lit with sheer joy. I suppose a baby's smile is one of the most harped on things in the world—always has been, always will be—but until you've seen your own smile at you, all the poets and writers and painters haven't told you anything.

Every Tuesday, Midge takes Susan to the clinic. I walk along with them sometimes, pushing the pram. It's funny to see all the mothers converging on the clinic and kind of jockeying for position. The sooner you're in the sooner you're out, and don't they bustle along. All kinds of mothers, all kinds of babies. I'm more convinced than ever that the ordinary run-of-the-mill baby is an overrated article. Yet you'd think to see all those mothers lifting their nippers out of the prams that they were handling the Crown jewels. Really, it makes me want to laugh.

Midge had been all out to feed Susan herself, of course, but after a bit something went wrong. They say it happens a lot these days. I suppose though our food is good enough for one, it just isn't varied and nourishing enough to stretch to two. And anyway, Susan's thriving on this powdered stuff. It's a marvel to me that anything that looks so dry should have so much good in it. And there again, the clinic comes in—they provide it at one and eightpence against five and sixpence at the chemist's, and that's real socialism. Then, too, there's the orange juice and other fruit juices, bought with stamps, and extra milk and extra eggs for the mother.

Oh, I tell you, Granny Britain is doing a good job for her kids. And for her daughters. A dentist examined Midge's teeth, doctors were available, and a capable, non-fussy soul keeps a friendly and helpful eye on the babies and the homes, pedalling scores of miles daily on her ancient bike.

All these swarms of babies there are about ought to grow up into pretty fine kids. They will, if Susan's a sample. It's funny, looking at her now, happy as the day is long and fit as a flea, to think how worried I used to be about a wartime baby being almost sure to be spindly and wizened and frail. Why, I'll bet there's not a better baby in Hollywood — with all the Californian sunshine and oranges and luxuries. I'm looking forward to meeting that fellow again at the Local—the one whose baby has all the teeth and eats bread-and-dripping. I'll be able to tell him he was quite right advising me not to worry. And, by the way, I've never seen his wonder child, Chris, but even though Susan may not be on bread-and-dripping I'll lay any money she's got just as many teeth and is just as fine a baby as Chris by the time she's his age.

But it's not all bread-and-honey being a proud father.

A couple of nights ago I was on duty when the sirens went. We censors groaned in time with them, for alerts don't only mean work for Civil Defence people. They give us our most strenuous times, and submissions pour in. However, this was quite a short one. Only a single plane over. That was a relief. Being all that way from home and a new baby at night you're apt to worry.

Then the phone went, and the typist called, "It's for you, Mr. Brown"—same typist who called me to the same phone to hear about Susan's birth. I wondered who the dickens could be ringing me up at that time, but somehow I didn't connect it with the alert. You simply can't afford to fuss these days.

"It's Taffy," said a voice, and that meant it was Pennimore, one of my shopping friends, and the fact that he should ring me . . .

I made a sort of gulping noise, and there wasn't any wall in front of me, or phone in my hand, or anything else much for a second.

"It's all right," he said. "We've been across to see them. I knew you'd hear about the incident and be worried, so I thought I'd let you know straight away. It was close—that's why we went over—it blew our blackout in at the flat—but they're quite all right."

I thanked him and said I'd be right back. I was due to go off in an hour to catch the last train, but I said a few hurried words of explanation to the Senior Press Censor and beat it without waiting to get my hat and coat from the locker.

I knew they were all right, of course—hadn't Taffy said so—but there are various degrees of being all right. If you aren't quite dead you're all right, in a sense, for you're more all right than if you were quite dead. Yes, there are lots of stages of all-rightness.

And with the perverseness of these things I couldn't catch a train before the last, anyway, and had to cool my heels in the blacked-out station for an hour. I'd have been better off at work with the other chaps and the lights and occupation.

The train came in at last and crept out at last, and at last reached our station. By the barrier I saw in the gloom an inspector of police. In the rum way your mind works at a time like that I imagined he was waiting there for me, with news. Police inspectors don't wait with good news.

"You want me—Brown?" I asked.

He looked kind of puzzled.

"No," he said. "Why should I?"

I told him about the incident, but he hadn't heard of it. That seemed strange, but we're a couple of miles from the station. I didn't waste any more time on the stupid fellow who didn't even know that a bomb had fallen near The Cottage. You'd wonder where they get policemen from. I doubt if they could tell you the time, supposing you did ask one.

It seemed a long two miles in the moonlight, but everything was quiet and normal, and the Thames was a wide band of silver sliding peacefully along the trees casting black shadows. The chestnut candles were bright along the path that leads to The Cottage, and an owl was hooting. I began to imagine that I'd fallen asleep in the train and had dreamt Taffy's call. And there was The Cottage, bedroom window open, everything normal. I stood and blinked and then called up, "Midge!" in a kind of shouted whisper.

After a second or so her head appeared at the square where they used to hoist the feed up into the stables. She was drowsy, but as calm as a lake.

"Oh," she said, "I was asleep. It seemed the best thing to do—to go back to sleep. Susan didn't even wake, though the place did a fine old dance. Are you home? I was asleep. How did you know anything had happened?"

I went up the crooked wooden stairs to our bedroom, and sat on the edge of the bed in the moonlight.

"It wasn't funny, darling," Midge said. "I heard the alert, and was looking out of the window. I saw it coming down—kind of brighter silver.

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Gossips predict stormy life for the Stokowskis

PAST ROMANCE. Stokowski, with Greta Garbo, to whom he was rumored to be engaged in 1938.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, famous conductor, whose talent has become of world renown by his work in Hollywood. He has just married for the third time.

GLORIA VANDERBILT, Stokowski's third wife, who on her 21st birthday, in February, came into control of her fortune of four-and-a-half-million dollars.

Maestro's third wife is a spirited Vanderbilt with 4,500,000 dollars

Cabled by LINDSAY CLINCH, of our New York staff

Gloria Vanderbilt, 21, spoilt daughter of the millionaire Vanderbilts, and Leopold Stokowski, 63, temperamental, twice-divorced musical maestro, are now honeymooning in California after the season's most surprising runaway marriage.

The marriage took place while the ink was hardly dry upon the Probate Court's order giving Gloria sole control of her four-and-a-half-million-dollar fortune and upon a decree freeing her from her first husband, Hollywood agent Pat Di Cicco.

FRIENDS and relatives of Gloria say she's been married for her money.

Di Cicco says it's a mere infatuation on the part of Gloria, "who is not very bright," as he puts it.

Stokowski says it's love.

Whatever it is, friends of both predict a stormy domestic life. Both are headstrong, both love the limelight.

Two little stories about Stokowski throw an interesting light on this white-haired maestro.

Six months ago another famous American showman, Billy Rose, offered Stokowski a part in his show now running, "Seven Lively Arts."

Stokowski, one of the few leading orchestra conductors who would appear on the same stage with nude showgirls and former vaudeville comedians, agreed to appear on one condition:

Rose was to erect a special conductor's platform which could be raised to the ceiling during the performance, with floodlights playing upon it and Stokowski.

Rose refused to do that, partly because the orchestra refused to be left below in the dark.

During an earlier trip to Mexico Stokowski conducted a goodwill concert.

In the town of Oaxaca he couldn't use his electric razor because the hotel didn't have electric power.

He insisted upon the hotel proprietors transporting a heavy dynamo from a nearby factory to the hotel premises for use while he shaved.

The vibrations nearly shook the wooden hotel down.

On the same tour he selected Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" with full score, including cannon, explosions, and fireworks at the end.

Natives recruited to use the firearms rehearsed in a lane outside the theatre. After the first volley they were arrested by local police and charged with attempting to sabotage the goodwill concert.

Stokowski's first wife was a Texan pianist, Olga Samaroff. At least, that was her professional name. Her real one was Olga Hickenlooper.

They had one daughter, Sonia Maria Noel, and were divorced in 1923.

In 1926 he married Evangeline Brewster-Johnson, daughter of I. W. Johnson, of a big firm manufacturing hospital supplies.

They had two daughters, Lyuba and Sadja, and were divorced in 1937.

Front-page measles

GLORIA has lived in a goldfish bowl all her life. At eight years of age she was front-page news because she had measles.

She hit the front page on any pretext; when she went to a fashionable ladies' college, when she went swimming at Palm Beach, and, of course, when her mother, Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, and her aunt, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, fought a custody action over her.

The aunt won on the grounds that the mother was not a fit guardian.

Later the court allowed Gloria to choose her guardian, and she chose her mother, who is a twin sister of Viscountess Furness. (She and Lord Furness were divorced in 1933. He later married the former Enid Lindeman, of Sydney.)

Gloria married at seventeen against the wishes of her family. Her family also tried frantically to prevent the present marriage.

Marriage didn't end Gloria's career as front-page news.

Di Cicco developed as a celebrated New York cafe society brawler.

Then it was suggested that Gloria finally bought her divorce from Di Cicco for 200,000 dollars. This was denied by both sides, but the impecunious Di Cicco did draw 200,000 dollars from a Hollywood bank.

WED AT 17. Gloria and her first husband, Pat Di Cicco, cutting the cake at their wedding in 1941.

On behalf of Stokowski, it might be pointed out that he is not in dire need of money. He gets 150,000 dollars yearly (£50,000) from record royalties and 50,000 dollars (£16,666) from conductor's fees.

Wanted to be alone

FOR once in their lives both Gloria and Stokowski tried to avoid publicity for their marriage.

They laid elaborate plans to meet in the little town of Zephyr Cove, Nevada, after Gloria's divorce at Reno.

Gloria went ahead, and with a chaperon rented a four-room shack in Nevada Woods. Stokowski arrived at Zephyr Cove station in a snowstorm.

The first person he met was one Bill Berry, of the "New York News."

Gloria had earlier met him, and had gone back in a huff to sit in the car until Stokowski's train pulled in.

Mr. Berry's presence made them both very mad—so mad that Gloria started the car in her rage and nearly ran over Stokowski.

Berry, reporting the arrival, said that the couple drove through a snowstorm to the shack accompanied, of course, by the chaperon.

The shack is near another which was occupied three years ago by Dr. Gaylord Hauser and Greta Garbo, the screen star with whom Stokowski enjoyed an Italian idyll in 1938.

The happy couple's ears must be burning, because back in their New York haunts cafe society is talking about very little else.

They say that the day before she left New York, Gloria spent 70,000 dollars (£23,333) on jewellery.

This included £8000 for a bracelet for the girl-friend who introduced Gloria to Stokowski.

They also say Gloria went to school with Stokowski's two daughters by his second marriage.

Gloria's pre-marriage shopping binge included a £1300 mink coat for her former nurse, Emma Keislich, to whom she also gave a permanent income of £4000 yearly.

GROWING UP. Gloria, then a sophisticated 15-year-old, dancing at a fashionable night-club in New York.

It is suggested that Gloria might finance "a youth orchestra," which is the pet dream of Stokowski.

Biggest laugh of the whole thing, say the city's leading cocktail tasters, is that Gloria described herself as a "housewife" on her new marriage licence.

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Editorial

MAY 12, 1945

CIVILISATION EXPECTS—

THE men and women now sharing in the solemn deliberations at San Francisco hold in their hands the fate of civilisation.

They are designing the framework of a world peace organisation.

Never before in the history of mankind has the continuance of civilisation so completely depended on the continuance of peace.

In other days, small wars fought in this or that part of the world brought only local sorrow and destruction.

Elsewhere civilisation could flourish, undisturbed by the fury of far-away battles.

The conflict of 1914-18 gave men a sign of what future wars could be. It frightened thoughtful people, inspired them to seek peace through the League of Nations.

But not enough people were frightened or inspired. The League failed in its chief object, and so in 1939 this war began.

The weapons it has produced fling destruction half-way across the world. If another war comes after twenty years' further scientific "advance" in the same field, future weapons will reach out and destroy men and their better works in every corner of the globe.

Only a world organisation with the will and the power to see peace is kept can give us any hope of avoiding a man-made Armageddon 20 years hence.

To-day's babes and toddlers will be the next war's battlefield victims if the present efforts at San Francisco fail.

Such responsibility must be awe-inspiring to those taking part in the conference. It is no less solemn to the onlooker.

WORTH Reporting

PRICE received by Mr. Melville Doyle, of Victoria, for over 600 ounces of ambergris he found at Cape Bridgewater Bay will depend on its quality and the price in world markets.

Ambergris, which is a concretion formed in the intestines of sperm whales, is used as a fixative for delicate perfumes.

Its value may range from 15/- to 75/- an ounce. Some pieces of poor quality bring only 5/- an ounce.

Nowadays synthetic fixatives are often used, though manufacturers say that for delicate, floral perfumes of high quality ambergris is best.

Buyers are more easily found overseas than in Australia, though before the war finds were sometimes bought by middlemen, who sent it abroad.

Many a frequenter of beaches cherishes a hope that one day he will light on a lump of this valuable substance.

One Sydney boatman was disappointed only recently when he sent a likely looking piece of beach rubbish to an expert for identification.

It was soap.

Tan as you drive

AMONG post-war luxuries promised in America is ultra-violet ray equipment to go into a sedan car. It will operate the car's battery, sterilise the air, and give passengers a suntan!

News of this elaborate substitute for a day at the beach is contained in an American list of new inventions and developments.

More appealing to the average citizen is the development of a treatment for Army socks which will make them last 60 per cent. longer, and a patent cigarette-holder which enables the cigarette to be smoked to the very end. No butts.

★ ★ ★

SEEN in Melbourne: A tough-looking soldier in jungle greens, sent by his wife to buy cakes, peering in the door of a popular cake shop where customers were lined six deep at the counter. Said he to his pal: "Let's clear out of this. I'd rather fight on Bougainville."

Comfort first

HOSPITAL patients will echo this professor lecturing nursing trainees in England:

"The wards should be run primarily for the comfort and benefit of the patients, and not to please the methodical eye and tidy mind of the sister in charge.

"I have been making this statement for years and have made no noticeable impression.

"If a man who is ill . . . likes the ends of the bedclothes tucked round his shoulder—instead of being firmly pulled straight across his chest and pushed under the mattress the other side, holding him like a vice and allowing a howling draught to whiz down his body—why, that is the way the clothes should be."

The quote is from "Lucky Alphonse," by Cynthia Reed, an Australian who trained as a nurse in England, and did a post-graduate course in psychiatry in America.

It is a novel with a fictional heroine, whose nursing experiences are drawn from Miss Reed's own.

Dislikes Paris hats

"LIKE trophies; like plumbing." That is how Cecil Beaton, famous English photographer, summed up French hats when he visited Paris recently for the first time since the fall of France.

"The hats are in German taste," says Beaton. "They are the sole remaining influence of the Boche occupation."

Ever faster

NEWS that the Supermarine Spitfire XIV has a top speed of 450 m.p.h. has set at rest fears that the R.A.F. had been eclipsed in the fighter speed race.

The people of Britain were thrilled to hear this news, for they have a great pride in the Spitfire, which in six years has put on 83 m.p.h.

This slim, graceful fighter has appeared in more than a dozen different forms since it first went into service.

The majority have preserved the classic, elliptical wing which is the Spit's distinguishing feature, but some have had it clipped, others extended, according to their allotted tasks.

As the Luftwaffe declined in strength opportunities for combat have been rare, but the Spitfire XIV scores a quick victory when an enemy shows fight.

Recently two of them shot down three enemy aircraft in five minutes.

Animal Antics

"Tsk, tsk . . . This rain is certainly tough on my rheumatism."

Sweaters for mothers

ALTHOUGH favorite Mother's Day gifts bought in Australia by U.S. service men and women are opals and rugs, many mothers will get sweaters this year, for they are hard to buy in the country where Lana Turner has so effectively publicised them.

The Americans began their shopping in March to make sure that the gifts would reach home by May 13.

Mother's Day was nationally proclaimed in America by President Woodrow Wilson in 1914 at the behest of an eccentric Philadelphia spinster, Anna Jarvis.

Where Hitler stayed

A BOOK on how to brew English beer was found in the library of an underground hideout in West Germany from where Hitler had directed military operations.

Anne Matheson tells of this in a despatch from Zeigenberg.

The castle under which the hideout was tunnelled had been heavily bombed by the U.S. Air Force in March.

"Modern shower-rooms provided the last word in luxury in the hideout," she writes.

"There were hot and cold showers and deep baths. There was also a special shower-room fitted in cream and chromium for ladies.

"Evidence that the room had been used a good deal recently was in the confused disorder, with face tissues and empty bottles of perfume lying about.

"Every label was stamped 'Rue de la Paix, Paris.'

"All that was left in the ruins of the castle was Hitler's bathtub, a cream-and-brown tiled bath with a variety of needle-showers."

Slight slight

REPEATED warnings by a germ-conscious mother to her bright, three-year-old daughter hit home with embarrassing effect on a crowded Sydney ferry last week.

Mixing among the passengers, the youngster with her bright chatter was soon the centre of attention.

When she returned to her mother's side, proud Mamma beamed fondly and said:

"You've been such a good girl today, darling."

"Oh, have I, Mother?" the child responded, and then added in a loud voice, "I do hope I haven't picked up any germs."

★ ★ ★

"SENSITIVENESS to other people's feelings is the essence of good manners . . . and marriage is the great test of good manners."—MARY BORDEN.

What next?

SOME unusual businesses thought up by Americans for themselves in the last few years:

Silverware laundry, at Illinois, for polishing hotel and household plate. Break-'em-in-service, Manhattan, for taking the pinch out of new shoes. Canine college, New Jersey, where dogs are taught what their owners want them to know. Plant hospital, New York, where diseased or injured plants are nursed. Build-it-yourself workshop, California, where people who want to make things can hire space, tools, machines, and advice.

He should know

AT the current Contemporary Art show in Sydney, a pretty girl was staring at one of the paintings.

She was politely accosted by a gentleman, who asked her what she thought of the work.

She explained that she didn't understand it.

"But what do you think it is?" he persisted.

"I think it looks like a sweet potato," she answered frankly.

He explained in detail the significance of the work, the artist's intention, and the technique he had used to convey his meaning.

"You seem to know a lot about it?" said the girl.

"I should," he said. "I painted it."

LINEN CUPBOARD LOVE

THE Rationing Commission's bulletin says that many families let mother provide all coupons for household linen. "This attitude is to be deplored," states the bulletin.

When mother saw the par above,
She said: "You see, my selfish brats,
There are the signs of filial love
In even hardened bureaucrats.
Within the Rationing Commission
I'm pleased to note a kind heart beats,
Next star I see I'm going to wish on
That they'll reduce the rate for sheets."

—Dorothy Drain.

FUNNIEST musical-box in history surely was the one given to Queen Victoria in 1887.

It was a musical bustle and when the wearer sat down it played "God Save the Queen."

INTERESTING PEOPLE

LORD ROWALLAN

. . . new Chief Scout

NEWLY appointed British Chief Scout, and at unanimous wish of Empire Scout Associations, Chief Scout of British Empire, Lord Rowallan is youngest man to hold the position. He is 49. Has been connected with Boy Scout Movement since 1922. Before present appointment was president and chairman of Scottish Council, County Commissioner for Ayrshire, and active member of council at Imperial Headquarters, London. Fought in this war and last, when he won Military Cross.

CAPTAIN MARY CONVERSE

. . . master mariner

AMERICA'S only woman master mariner, 73-year-old Captain Mary Converse, is teaching navigation to officer trainees in U.S. Navy and Merchant Marine. Established navigation school at request of U.S. Navy, and in past four years has trained more than 2300 students. She herself graduated from yachts to freighters, gaining her navigation pass and captain's title in 1940. Earned reputation as good seaman and poker player. Is grandmother, with 20 grandchildren.

S/LDR. M. BAKER

Sir Bruce Fraser's pilot

PERSONAL pilot to commander of British Pacific Fleet, Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, Squadron-Leader Mervyn Baker, A.F.C., of Victoria, was attached to R.A.F. in England when appointed to this special Royal Navy post. Is one of most widely travelled R.A.A.F. pilots. After training in Canada, went to England in 1941. Served in Sunderland flying-boats. Later was stationed at Malta, Gibraltar, Middle East, India. Won his decoration with R.A.F.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

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Screen "Smithy" chosen from sixty applicants

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH, photographed on his arrival at Mascot after his record-breaking flight across the Pacific.

Radio actor Ron Randell will play role of famous airman

By PEG McCARTNEY

Ron Randell has been selected from over sixty applicants to portray Sir Charles Kingsford Smith in the Columbia film based on the life and career of the world-famous Australian aviator.

For nearly twelve months, Columbia producer Mr. Nick Pery and director Mr. Ken Hall have made exhaustive tests to find the actor most capable of bringing the much-loved "Smithy" to the screen. The tests have included Australia's best-known actors as well as overseas personalities.

IN appearance, 26-year-old Ron Randell doesn't greatly resemble Sir Charles. "Smithy" was lean and wiry. Ron has an athlete's solid physique. "Smithy" was fair, while Ron has dark brown hair and eyes. But Ron has that rare quality of enthusiasm and boundless vigor which characterised "Smithy," and is so much more important than a mere similarity of features.

Mr. N. Pery, managing director of Columbia Pictures, said: "Randell has been selected not only for his achievements as a fine actor, but as the type of virile Australian who embodies the spirit and qualities so typified by 'Smithy.' We have taken a long time over our selection, but we are extremely happy with our choice."

If Mr. Pery is happy with the selection, Ron Randell was certainly wildly elated by the news.

"I can talk and think of nothing else," he said. "I read all the books about 'Smithy' that I can get, and have been fortunate enough to find a lot of people who knew him intimately."

Now co-starring with Agnes Doyle in "Voice of the Turtle," Ron discovered the actress knew "Smithy" when they were both in America. "Ever since that discovery I've been driving her mad with questions," he added.

"Unfortunately I didn't meet 'Smithy'—I was just one of the thousands of kids who lined the city streets to cheer him after his trans-Pacific flight. However, in the last few weeks, I have talked about him so much, and learnt such a lot of his background and life history, that I already feel as if I had been a personal friend.

"I am hoping this film will mean the realisation of a lifelong ambition—and that is to learn to fly. I've only been on a plane trip once," Ron confessed. "That was in America from Burbank to Pittsburgh.

"About ten years ago I went up in an autogyro out at Mascot, but we only went up about 100 feet, so I don't suppose that counts.

"When we start production, I will be surrounded by the top-line men of aviation, and with the original 'Southern Cross' for inspiration I've got great hopes that at last my dream is going to come true."

Ron made his professional debut at the age of fourteen. "It was the children's session, then conducted by the A.B.C.," he reluctantly admitted. However, Ron made rapid progress, and soon became one of Australia's most popular radio actors.

Stage experience

AT 19 he made his first stage appearance at the Minerva Theatre, where he appeared with Fifi Banvard in "Quiet Wedding." In Steinbeck's play, "Of Mice and Men," he established himself as a capable dramatic actor. He frequently appears in the Lux radio plays and is featured in several radio serials.

In 1943, Ron visited America, where he gained valuable acting experience. He appeared with screen stars Robert Young and Peter Van Eyck in the Columbia Broadcast series, "Passport for Adams," and in the San Francisco stage show, "Mr. and Mrs. North," in which he co-starred with Nancy Carroll.

"On the opening night of 'Mr. and Mrs. North,' San Francisco experienced a rather bad earthquake," Ron recalled.

"I thought at first they were moving scenery behind the set, and was duly irritated. When the theatre started to rock, the audience got panicky and the stage-manager suddenly appeared through the boudoir door, I knew something was definitely wrong. We managed to placate the people, but I guess that's about the nearest I ever came to bringing the house down."

AFTER SIGNING his contract at Columbia, Ron Randell looks over the script for the "Smithy" film. With him are producer Mr. N. Pery and director Mr. K. Hall.

RON RANDELL, 26-year-old actor, well known in radio and on the stage, was selected from over 60 applicants for the coveted role of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith in Columbia's film based on the life of the former aviator.

Artificial insemination advocated

DESPITE adverse criticism, artificial insemination of humans has come to stay. It is not unusual for a scientific advancement that departs from the conventional to be hotly condemned.

We will always have with us those who cling cautiously to old concepts, regarding anything new as the devil's plaything.

When Stephenson ran the first locomotive, when aeroplanes were evolved, when inoculation against disease was introduced, such men raised their hands in horror, and spoke of the power of God being usurped.

It is fortunate for mankind that we have men and women courageous enough to proceed with their experiments.

If the mental laggards had their way there is no doubt men would still be housed in caves, using stone implements.

Artificial insemination should prove a blessing to many women who, once fated to a childless life, may now enjoy that which is their right.

£1 to C. A. Bentley, 125 Cabarita Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Good music scarce

MUSIC students are experiencing great difficulty in endeavoring to secure the necessary supplies of classical music.

There seems to be an abundant supply of popular music, and I would suggest that a little of the paper used for this purpose could be utilised to replenish the low stocks of classical music.

Such action would be appreciated by thousands of ambitious students.

5/- to Miss Patricia M. Klose, 73 Wattle St., Fullarton, S.A.

What's on your mind?

One thing at a time

WHY will some people persist in turning on the radio when a roomful of people are trying to talk? There is nothing more exasperating, surely, yet so many will. While you are vainly trying to follow the conversation someone will chip in to ask you, "Don't you think this is a pretty song?" or some such question.

How can one listen to music and conversation, too?

Why not give each a turn—instead of spoiling the pleasure of both?

5/- to Mrs. B. Morrill, 21 Kenyon Rd., Bexley, N.S.W.

P.O.W. messages

I READ Esther P. Radwon's letter (14/4/'45) about sending "thoughtless" messages to prisoners of war, and didn't know whether to get wild, laugh, or take her seriously.

My fiance is a prisoner in Malaya, and I nearly always put "chin up," or "keep smiling" on the cards I write.

To me they sound words of encouragement, not thoughtless messages.

I would be very pleased if Esther P. Radwon would tell me what she thinks would be sensible and not thoughtless messages to send. Remember, I'm only able to write 25 words.

5/- to Miss M. J. Coxedge, 234 Park St., Rushall, Melbourne.

Do you know your J.P.?

IT would be of great assistance to the public generally if it were obligatory for anyone who is a justice of the peace to attach a sign to his residence announcing the fact.

Very few people know which members of their community are vested with this office, and delay is caused by having to find out where they can be found.

5/- to Mrs. Essie Fyall, 59 Railway St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

No grey hairs

WHERE are the nice, old, silver-haired ladies whom we hear so much about in songs or stories of "Mother"?

To-day one sees the modern type of "Grannie" as women with their appearance disguised by cosmetics.

Some old women seem to think that they will stay young by keeping in time with the fashions, but I think that they appear much better without cosmetics.

5/- to A. Fowler, 71 Argyle St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Prefers second best

I HAVE often wondered why people consider it necessary to wear only their very best clothes to church, and then criticise others who attend their place of worship less finely dressed.

I am sure more young people and housewives would attend if they could just wear their neat, everyday dresses.

To get arrayed in one's best clothes takes time, and harassed housewives and tired workers cannot always spare time.

5/- to Miss Mary MacDonald, c/o State School, Winlam East, via Nhill, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 5. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payments of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

X-Rays for children

X-RAY treatment for all children is one of the most needed reforms in this country. It is the only way of ensuring that tuberculosis will in time be stamped out.

The constant use of X-ray treatment locates the disease in its infancy, and when it can be easily cured.

Every child should consider the yearly examination as his birthright. Parents should see that their children are properly nourished and get the right amount of rest, for it is in under-nourished and over-fatigued bodies that the germ begins its deadly work.

5/- to Kathleen Conrad, River Rd., Toowong, Qld.

Coins may be too light

K. RICHARDS (14/4/'45) suggests that a small light coin be made for use in slot machines and telephones. This would be handy, no doubt, but would a light coin operate these machines? I am afraid not.

It would mean that new machines would have to be made to suit the new coin.

Would the expense be justified at present?

5/- to Mrs. R. Skelton, Boree Creek, N.S.W.

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"What with all found and the good pay I think I am well off. It's a great life!"

"Life on a W.A.A.A.F. Station is always full of interest. It's a pleasure to be doing such a vital job."

"It's a fine, healthy life. I was never in such good health. I'm glad I joined."

Squadron Leader R. N. B. Stevens, D.F.C. and Bar, won his D.F.C. at El Alamein, and his Bar when leading a low-level attack with Kittyhawks on shipping in Milazzo Harbour. He flew Spitfires in Britain and has flown 144 operational sorties.

"The girls of the W.A.A.A.F. are doing wonderful work. Every Australian girl should want to join them and be proud to serve in the Air Force..." *says Squadron Leader R. N. B. Stevens, D.F.C. and Bar.*

"I've seen them at all kinds of work and I think they are grand!" he continues.

What would you give to merit such a tribute? Don't you think it a privilege to do a job that helps such men—that gives you a share in the triumphs of our gallant Air Force?

As a member of the W.A.A.A.F., these fighting men, heroes of the air, will be proud of you. They will admire you for doing something really worthwhile, respect you for wearing their uniform.

Why not join the W.A.A.A.F.—to-day? It will be a wonderful experience for you—a life that you will like and be proud to share. *Full particulars as to pay, allowances, leave and conditions will be gladly given if you apply at your local R.A.A.F. Recruiting Committee, or at the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre in any capital city.*

SERVE WITH THE AIR FORCE... **Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force**

WF5.145.46

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

WEDNESDAY, May 9, is likely to prove an important day in the lives of many people, but take warning and be cautious, for the stars promise confusion and more adversity than confusion on that day.

Tuesday, May 15, can be adverse, too, and Scorpions, Aquarians, Leonians, and Taurians should be wary on both days.

Good fortune, however, can attend Thursday, May 10, and Sunday, May 13 (to midday), for most Virgoans, Capricornians, and Taurians, and many Arians, Geminians, Pisceans, and Cancerians.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): May 9 (sunset) and May 10 can prove unexpectedly fortunate. So can May 13 (to midday). Use discreetly and constructively, but don't be rash. May 15 poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): May 8 (from dawn to dusk), May 10, May 11 (to 10 a.m. and after 3 p.m.), May 12, and May 13 (to midday) all good; seek changes, gains, advancement.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Desirable benefits, gains, and changes possible on May 10, May 11 (to 10 a.m.), and May 13 (to 2 p.m.), so plan well and work hard on modest affairs.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A mixed week; be cautious. May 8 (dawn to dusk), May 11 (to 10 a.m.), and May 13 (to 2 p.m.) all very helpful; but May 9 and May 15 can be difficult.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Beware pitfalls, obstacles, worries, changes, and discord of all kinds now, especially on May 9, 11, 12 (very poor), and May 15. Routine work advised.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Seek progress, gains, desired changes and favors now. Success possible. May 10 (to evening) good. May 11 (to 10 a.m.) good; noon adverse, balance fair. May 12 helpful. Be wary on May 9 and 15.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Modest affairs favored on May 13 (to 2 p.m.), but be cautious on May 9 and 15.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be cautious in all affairs now. Dodge loss, opposition, partings, arguments, and indiscretions, especially on May 9, 11, 12, and 15. Stick closely to routine tasks; be patient.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): May 10 can be unexpectedly pleasing, but May 8, May 14 (early), and May 15 mildly difficult.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Speed-up all important affairs now. Utilise May 8 (dawn to dusk), May 11 (to 10 a.m. best, noon poor), and May 12 to good account. But be cautious on May 9 and 15.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Beware misjudgments, unwise changes, discords, and delays now. Especially on May 9, 11, 12, and 15. Routine work strongly advised. Be patient and cautious.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Modest advancements, changes, and gains possible now; work hard. May 8 (dawn to dusk), May 11 (to 10 a.m.), and May 12 (very early) all good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Were lured to Kord Key, isle of "walking dead," by the sinister
BARON KORD: Who wants to marry Narda. He puts Narda in the Kordie Corral to frighten her, but she is reassured by
TRINA: Kord's sister, who says the Kordies are harmless. Kord imprisons Mandrake and Lothar without water, tries to turn them into Kordies by giving them a liquid. Thirst-crazed Lothar strikes Mandrake, who prevents him from drinking, but repents just as another can of liquid is lowered. NOW READ ON:

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The patient above is making a cushion cover. This type of foot power loom is for advanced pupils who have graduated from elementary looms. The man on the right is spinning fleece which is afterwards scoured and woven into attractive materials.

Handcraft for the sick and wounded servicemen

THE teaching of Handcraft to Convalescing Servicemen and Women is a further Red Cross activity—auxiliary to the Medical Services of the Defence Forces.

Its object is not only to relieve tedium in hours of sickness and disability, but also to effect improvement in mental and physical health.

This valuable Red Cross work, carried out during the campaigns in the Middle East and in present forward and base areas, has achieved remarkable and permanent results.

"The help you give Red Cross is the help Red Cross gives"

Australian
RED CROSS SOCIETY
FOUNDED 1914 . . . INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER 1941

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"Peggy O'Neill" still has flowers and admirers

The famous music-hall singer who inspired the song, "Peggy O'Neill is a girl who could steal any heart, any man, any time," lives on in wartime London.

An Australian member of the Merchant Service saw her, old and poor; but he saw, too, how the theatrical profession does not forget its favorites.

He tells of this experience in a letter to Miss E. Gordon, 482 Guinea St., Albury, N.S.W.

COMRADES IN ARMS. Australian Digger, Corporal A. W. Gray, with two English servicemen on leave in Sydney. Photo sent by Mrs. Gray, 142 Chuter Ave., Sans Souci, N.S.W.

PROUD OF FATHER. Beverley Fowler, 95 Grange Road, Glenhuntly, Vic., whose father, L/Cpl. Fowler, is on the extreme right, sent in this photo of men serving up North. Others in the group, left to right, are Drivers Bill Regan, Alf Maher, Tom Dark, and Fred Wallis.

IN London there are a number of pubs used by the new and not yet successful members of that gay profession, the stage. I often go to a particular one where the laughter is loudest and the wit brilliant.

"One day I chanced to drop in during the slack hours of the afternoon. The only customer was an old lady who sat in a corner.

"After a while the old lady in the corner came across to the bar and asked for a stout. I noticed that the drink was not paid for, and asked the barmaid if the old lady owned the place.

"The barmaid said, 'Good gracious no, that's Peggy O'Neill.'

"'Peggy O'Neill, Peggy O'Neill,' I mentally repeated, and then it came back to me, and I softly sang the first line of the song.

"'Peggy O'Neill is a girl who could steal any heart, any man, any time.'

"'Yes,' **said the barmaid, 'that's the same Peggy O'Neill, who was queen of the music-hall in her day, who made fortunes, and as fast as she made them she gave them away and spent them.'**

"But, of course, there came the day when Peggy was too old to thrill the crowds with those Cockney songs.

"And so she found herself finished on the stage, and, what was worse, she had no money to retire on.

"But each Friday night in the pubs of the theatrical people the hat is passed round and the chorus boys and girls, the stand-ins, the bit players, the man with performing seals, the jugglers and the dozens of others that make up the theatre dip into their pockets.

"The hat gets heavy with the weight of the money, and people like Peggy O'Neill are taken care of in the way of food and lodging and a little pocket-money.

"Each week someone in the crowd begs from a theatre manager two free tickets, and each week an old admirer of Peggy O'Neill comes into the pub, and with a flourish presents her with a small bunch of flowers and with two free tickets. Two old people, both nearly broke, trip away to the magic of the theatre.

"As far as I know, Peggy O'Neill still sits in that pub and, I suppose, dreams of the days when she held the crowd, and the handsome young men about town fought among themselves for the honor of taking her to parties.

"I shall always have to remember Peggy O'Neill as a little old lady sitting in a pub."

AT NASSAU, in the Bahamas, local civilians and members of R.A.F. units have designed a beautiful cemetery for men who have lost their lives on active service there. Mr. W. F. Poling, of South Australia, whose son, Sgt. William Poling, wireless operator, was killed when his plane crashed over Brazil, has been advised that his son's name is inscribed on the lich-gate of the cemetery.

Pastoral

Continued from page 5

SHE felt better when she was sitting in a chair before the fire in the W.A.A.F. officers' sitting-room, sipping a cup of tea. She smoked a cigarette, sitting very quiet and recovering from the strain; she was rather moved and rather sorry for herself, but confident that she had done the right thing. Presently she stirred and stubbed out her cigarette and reached out for her novel and began to read.

It was all about Love; she had thought it good when she had been reading it in bed the previous night, but now it seemed to her to be a rotten book. She put it away with distaste, and got up and went over to the bookcase for another. Eventually she went to bed with a dry mouth and a worried mind, and slept accordingly.

Marshall spent a troubled evening in the mess and went to bed early, to lie awake most of the night. It seemed to him that he had been a most almighty fool to raise the point of marriage with Gervase so soon, however certain he might be in his own mind; a quarter of an hour later he was thinking that he had done right to tell her plainly what he thought, that it was better to end it quickly and face the pain, if they had no future together.

He fell asleep at about three in the morning and woke, heavy and dull, at seven. The short sleep had rested his mind; he now felt that it was better for them to be quite apart. It seemed to him that the right line was to see nothing of her for the next six months; if then they met again she would know, at any rate, that there was something solid that she could depend upon in his regard.

In this decision he was probably correct; the difficulty was that it was quite impractical. He met her immediately after breakfast as she went from her quarters to the Signals office, as he went to the Link trainer hut; it was genuinely fortuitous, and it was impossible to pass without smiling and saying "Good morning."

He went on troubled and depressed, and put up an unusually poor performance on the Link trainer. He met her again at lunch and sat opposite to her, talking absently to Lines, watching her eat roast beef and cabbage and plum tart. He saw her again in the ante-room taking coffee, and again at tea-time.

In the circumstances of their life upon the station it was inevitable that they should meet the whole day through.

In the next thirteen days he met her sixty-one times. He counted them.

In that thirteen days they did no operation. They did several long training flights at night, and spent a large proportion of each day upon their various trainers and firing-teachers. The machines were overhauled, a few engines were changed, and some of the crews were reformed.

In R for Robert things were not going as well as usual. Corporal Leech, the wireless operator, had been taken roach fishing by Gunnar Franck and Phillips, and to their delight had proved himself an apt pupil, keen and interested, and naturally skilful.

The period after March 15 was irritating and troublesome for them, as the coarse fishing season had come to an end. Fishing gear was taken down and packed away for three months, and they had nothing much to do with their spare time, which was considerable.

Leech was a footballer, and that season was also at an end; he hung about the canteen bored and idle. Sergeant Phillips took to lying on his bed for most of his leisure time and reading thrillers; the balance he devoted to LAW Elsie Smeed. There was little to do, in fact, at Hartley at that time of year except to play cards and make love.

Gunnar Franck did neither, but took to going for long walks through the country lanes, browned off, and thinking of Denmark and his lost life as a medical student.

Gervase met him one evening, travelling back from Oxford in the bus. She saw a seat by him and sat down in it. She liked Gunnar Franck. She smiled at him and said, "Good evening. Have you been to the pictures?"

He had. They talked of films and film actresses while the bus got under way and rumbled out into the darkness of the country roads, dim lit and crowded with R.A.F. men and American soldiers. Presently she said, "Do you still go fishing?"

He shook his head. "It is now the season when they breed the little fish. It is not allowed to fish now, till the middle of June."

She said, "That must be rather a blow—you're all fishermen in Robert, aren't you? What do you do instead?"

He was silent for a minute, long enough for her to look at him curiously. Then he said, "It is ver' dull. I think I would like to go away now to another station."

She exclaimed, "But I thought you were so happy here!"

He said bitterly, "I think now perhaps it is time I have a change."

"But why, Gunnar? Has anything happened?"

She was an officer and he was a sergeant, but she was a girl, and friendly, and very young. It was nearly dark in the bus.

He said: "The Captain, he has been difficult to please. It must be ver' difficult for an Englishman to have in the crew a foreigner. I think perhaps it is better that I ask if I may go to another station."

She said: "But, Gunnar, Flight-Lieutenant Marshall thinks the world of you. I know he does. You mustn't think of anything like that. What's the trouble?"

There was a pause, and then he said in a low tone so that she had to bend her head to catch his words: "He say I cross my sevens so he cannot read the numbers that I write, and I must write in English if I want to stay with him."

She said: "Cross your sevens?"

"Jo. Always in Denmark when we write the number seven we make a line across the tail, but in England you do not do that. And now he says that I must write in English."

She said: "But that's silly! It doesn't matter a bit, does it, if you write a seven like that?"

"Nine months we have been together," said the big young man a little sadly, "and over forty ops. And now he is angry because I write my sevens as we do at home."

A lump of apprehension rose in the girl's throat, and she said: "I thought you all got on so well together. Is this something new?"

Gunnar said: "It is the last week only. Always before he has been sympathetic; we were all very happy together. Now for a week everything has been wrong, and he finds fault with all that we do, and it is trouble all the time. It is not only me; it is Sergeant Phillips and Corporal Leech. They are quite fed up with him."

Please turn to page 24

L/Cpl. R. V. Gaylaid, Dutch New Guinea, to his wife, Mrs. Gaylaid, Portland, Vic.:

"LAST night we had little humpies made out of palm fronds.

"They were quite O.K. for a time, but suddenly the whole structure which we had spent quite some time building began to cave in. All we could do was to sit there and hold the thing up, to avoid it crashing in on our gear.

"Eventually one boy went out and pulled it to pieces, while the others were holding it up from the inside.

"In all it was very amusing, but it meant us all spending a most uncomfortable and sleepless night. We are far better off to-night, for we have stretchers and little two-man huts."

L/Bdr. A. M. Armstrong, to his sister, Mrs. D. Liddiard, 26 Centre Rd., East Brighton, Vic.:

"WE have a cat now. It is a tom, and we have called him Tiger.

"He strolled into the tent the other night; where he came from nobody knows. Probably the Nips had him.

"He goes bush every night, and returns to the tent in the morning to sleep all day. He is a champion 'spinebasher,' grey in color and very clean.

"I am waiting for the meal when we have rice, so as to try him out to see if he really is a Nipponese tom-cat Son of Heaven."

THE letters you receive from your men-folk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

Mother's Day

By Maurice Clough, A.I.F.

THIS is the day when Mothers, everywhere,
Reap the rich harvest of their loving care—
A day the whole wide world has set apart
To demonstrate the love it bears at heart
For Mothers whose devotion has been given
To make this earth a little more like heaven!
Who have gone with us through our childhood's years—
Kissing our bruises, drying-up our tears—
Singing us lullabies that we might sleep
Tucked in our little cots, so snug and deep,
Keeping us safe against an unsafe world,
Till we grew up, and into War were hurled . . .

To fight for Freedom's cause they let us go—
Though in our hearts we knew it hurt them so—
We whom they cherished as their very own—
Their little boys who into men had grown! . . .
And now we set aside this blessed day
To give them all the happiness we may,
Proving ourselves to them that they may be
Filled with our love's most happy certainty
By little gifts and letters we have sent
From exiled places of War's banishment,
Or by the white chrysanthemum we wear
As symbol of our debt for all their care! . . .

So many things this day our hearts recall—
The grown-up things—the things when we were small—
And in our inmost thoughts, we ask in prayer
That God may bless all Mothers, everywhere,
The young, the old, the weary and the worn;
The brave, the poor, the lonely and forlorn.
May we, their children, make this Day of Days
Rich with our love in honor of their praise! . . .

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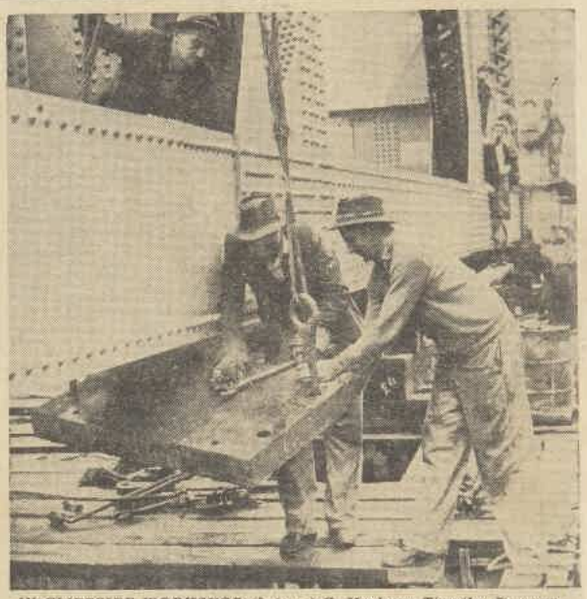
Our largest railway bridge nears completion

LARGEST RAILWAY BRIDGE in Australia being built alongside the old bridge over Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

AIR-LOCK WORKERS, who excavate the river bed, changing shift. Shifts vary from two to six hours according to depth of work.

RIVETER shows Betty Nesbit how to drive in a rivet.



IN CLIFFSIDE WORKSHOP (l. to r.) C. Moxham, Timothy Brennan, and Ronnie Frost put one of the base plates into position on fourth span.

Workers live on job in camp overlooking giant spans

By BETTY NESBIT

Stretching across the placid, hill-framed waters of the Hawkesbury River, N.S.W., Australia's biggest railway bridge is slowly nearing completion.

The first three of its eight lofty spans now curve alongside the 56-year-old bridge over which trains have crawled at snail-slow speed for the last five years.

THEY crawled because early in 1939 ominous cracks were found in one of the piers. Work of reinforcing this pier began immediately, but it was decided to draw up the plans for a new bridge.

The bridge, as main link between the north and south, became even more important when Australia was threatened with Japanese invasion.

It has been heavily guarded throughout the Pacific war, for had it been destroyed by enemy action there would have been disastrous delay in transportation of vital war materials to the north.

It is known that the Japanese submarines which attacked Sydney Harbor in 1941 were to go into the Hawkesbury.

When I went to see the new bridge last week I walked across the narrow suspension bridge, a temporary pathway to the new bridge from the old.

With some encouragement from one of the riggers, Allen Dudley, of Woy Woy, N.S.W., I climbed the dizzy heights of a ladder which led to the third span of the bridge.

"Well, you're the first woman to get up here," he said with a grin.

A spiderweb of steel, still wet with red paint, hung over me, and looking down between the planks which criss-crossed the base of the span, I could see, many feet below, the grey waters of the river swirling round the staunch base of the concrete pier.

On the southern bank I could see what looked like a picturesque alpine lake village—the camp where more than half of the 400 men working on the bridge live in a collection of tents and brown wooden huts.

The new bridge, which is one of the major engineering feats of the N.S.W. Railways, can be called a war victim.

It would probably have been finished last year had it not been for wartime shortage of manpower and materials. It is hoped that it will be completed in May, 1946.

Arthur Evans, another rigger on the span, was working there in its early stages five years ago. He was overseas with the A.I.F. for three years with a field ambulance unit in Libya, Syria, and Crete.

"I thought they would have had it finished by now," he said jokingly.

There are many ex-servicemen on this job, some who were with the Railways Department before enlisting, others now learning a new trade.

Tom Hall, ex-A.I.F., Wyong, N.S.W., an assistant boilermaker, was with an anti-tank crew in New Guinea. Now he's working on a power furnace "cooking" rivets to a red-hot heat before they are riveted into the steel girders of the spans.

Half a cliffside was excavated to make the workshop for the erection of the eight spans. There are two large ones of 450 feet, four of 350 feet, and two of 150 feet.

It takes from ten to twelve weeks to assemble a span.

Foreman Harry Gale, of Ashbury, N.S.W., explained to me how each span rests on punts which are towed out to the piers. The span is swung into position, and the baseplates laid exactly over the bearings on the top of the pier. Bolts lock the two together.

At times the men have worked on day and night shifts racing to complete the span so that it would be ready to be floated when there was a suitable tide.

To speed up construction they have worked till 7 p.m. each day and all Saturdays for the last 12 months.

No one is more proud of the job than the Chief Civil Engineer for the Railways, Major-General A. C. Fewtrell, C.B., D.S.O., V.D., on whose recommendation early in 1939 it was decided to build a new bridge.

Although he was in the Army for more than five years he has kept in close touch with the progress of the bridge, and when he retired last year from the Army he was ready to take up his civil work once again.

The bridge is an all-Australian job—the design prepared in the railways drawing offices, steel produced by Broken Hill Pty. Coy. Ltd. and fabricated in Chullora railway workshops. The millions of rivets have been made at the Newcastle workshop.

Major part of the construction of the new bridge has been the dredging of the river bed to put down the concrete piers.

Unfortunately, there were few records dating back to 1836, when the river was surveyed for construction of the first bridge.

Only men who are 100 per cent. physically fit can work in the air-lock chamber where the rock is excavated for the bridge piers. The work is done under terrific air pressure.

Greatest depth at which they have worked on this job is 110 feet. At present they are working at 30 feet.

Before leaving the airlock chamber the men sit in a small compartment for a period varying from nine minutes to 52 minutes while the air is decompressed, because after working under heavy air pressure it would be impossible to go suddenly into a normal pressure of air.

A common complaint which attacks men on this job is a bubble either in the blood stream or nervous system.

To break down this bubble, which literally causes a blockage, the patient must go through a second period of decompression in the medical air-lock, which is part of the first-aid post.

A metal disc is worn by every air-lock worker. In the event of his collapsing after leaving work, the disc bears the instructions to return him immediately to the Hawkesbury River station for special treatment.

In the camp the men do all their own cooking, and after 5 p.m. the smoke from a hundred fireplaces curls up through the trees.

Shortly a cafeteria will be opened with accommodation for 300, where the men may have hot meals. It will also be used as a recreation hall.

Two of the men are expert bootmakers for the camp, and another does a fine job of haircutting for 1/-.

Bridge figures

AUSTRALIA'S largest railway bridge, over the Hawkesbury River, N.S.W., is 2764 feet from bank to bank.

Sydney Harbor Bridge's total length is two and three-quarter miles, including the approaches, the actual span from pylon to pylon being 1650 feet. It is not purely a railway bridge, as it carries also a motor highway, footpath, and tramlines.

FIRST-AID for ex-sailor rigger Olaf Gustaffson, who wears sou'-wester he bought in his home town, Goteborg, Sweden, when he went to sea 30 years ago.

BILLY TEA. Jack Wardell pours hot water for Alan Pirie at lunch break. The man who boils the water is known as "the nipper."

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SAILED NORTH TO NURSE JUNGLE FIGHTERS

THESE pictures of A.I.F. sisters and members of the A.A.M.W.S. were taken on board the hospital ship in which they travelled to a base in an operational area in the south-west Pacific. They are now staffing an A.G.H. and a front-line casualty clearing station. Two hundred sisters and 89 Aamws sailed.

MATRON E. J. BOWE, to be principal matron in an operational area.

SECOND TRIP. Matron Janet Cook, who has already seen service in N.G.

SETTLING IN. Some of the 89 Aamws unpack in their quarters on board the hospital ship in which they travelled North to new duty.

STUDYING MAP. Hospital ship sisters (wearing capes) with two sisters travelling to a front-line C.C.S. From left: Ida Pike, Clare O'Brien, Jessie Brown, and D. McLean. All four came from N.S.W.

LONG SERVICE. Matron J. Cook (centre) with some of the sisters who have served with her in Greece and also in N.G. They are now with an Australian General Hospital in the South-west Pacific area.

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On and Off Duty.

EACH morning my mail brings more invitations to farewell our popular Governor's wife. Organisations which Lady Wakehurst has been interested in during her stay in Australia want to show their appreciation for all she has done for them.

The Governor and Lady Wakehurst have also issued invitations to a series of parties at Government House when they will say "good-bye" to many of their Sydney friends.

Nice gesture when the Governor and Lady Wakehurst extend invitation to tradespeople who have looked after them during their many years in Sydney to thank them for their help.

Staff who have assisted at big functions at Government House are also not overlooked by charming couple.

• • •

"WE'VE enough ribbons for me to make a hula skirt," says Mrs. Roy McCaughey, laughing with excitement when she and her husband see results of awards at cattle show. I suggest that smart cocktail toque might be more useful, but am sure Roy will be too proud to part with ribbons—rationing or no rationing on the fashion front.

Governor (Lord Wakehurst) attends show with visiting governors, Sir Leslie Wilson (Queensland) and Sir Willoughby Norrie (South Australia). Lord Wakehurst puts ribbon on McCaughey's first award, while Sir Leslie does the honors with second award.

Later Roy and his charming brunette wife celebrate at "ringside" table at popular night spot with the Trevor Clarkes from Melbourne, who are also in Sydney for cattle show, Monty Montgomery and Lorna Lippman.

SPEAKING of Sir Willoughby Norrie I caught a glimpse of him later in the evening at small informal party at Prince's, arranged by Peter Lubbock. Mrs. Lex Albert looked charming as usual dressed in simple dinner gown—splashed tulips on white background—when she danced with Sir Willoughby. Others in party were Betty Skene and Captain John Richardson.

• • •

BASKING in beautiful sunshine on grassy slope at Cabramatta watching regatta notice Strath Playfairs, with family car overflowing with enthusiastic Shore barrackers, partaking of picnic afternoon tea. Eve McLeod only daughter of family with her parents—Judy, Sue, and Wendy all at regatta, but with different parties. Nevertheless, car full with the Tom Baillieus, who brought their three boys, Tim (who attends Shore), Louis and Leslie, and the Beresford Playfairs' Shore schoolboy son Ross, very excited when Shore wins.

• • •

PROUD parents, Dr. and Mrs. Dick Holliday, watch their son Dick—who is "stroke" for Shore—row to victory. Later they attended Shore dance at Warringah Hall with daughter Joan.

SURPRISE WEDDING. Major Hubert Whitham, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Lyle Mason, leaving St. Mary's Cathedral, when Hubert comes on leave nine days earlier than set wedding date. Couple honeymoon at Bowral.

STROLLING along for a breath of fresh air on Sunday see Lady Wakehurst and son Christopher, at Rushcutter Bay, returning from yachting expedition to Store Beach on the J. Marsh Hardies' boat, Windward. Christopher is now sub.-lieut with R.A.N. Lady Wakehurst tells me she has energetic game of circles on beach, and will miss her sailing days when she returns home to England.

• • •

LOVELY wedding gown worn by Joy Dunkley when she marries Rene Howe, fifth year medical student, at St. Auburn's Church, Lindfield. Joy is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Dunkley, of Lindfield, and Rene is son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Howe, of Pivedock. Reception held at home of Joy's parents, and couple leave for honeymoon down South Coast.

• • •

LOTS of British naval personnel dancing at Prince's, but all eyes on table, where Marie Livingston and Jocelyn Anderson are hostesses as they entertain the biggest catch of all.

• • •

"PLENTY of perfumes, gorgeous jewellery, and accessories to be bought in Toulon, but not much that is useful," writes Alison Urquhart from France.

"For rare moments when I don't wear uniform I bought an angora jacket for which I paid £15."

Alison, wife of Commander Kenneth Urquhart, R.A.N., is attached to British Naval Liaison Headquarters in Toulon.

Some time ago she was badly wounded by a bullet fired by an over-zealous French sentry.

She spent her convalescence at Nice and Monte Carlo, and now wears ribbon of "Blesse de Guerre."

Joyce

OLD FRIENDS MEET. Squadron-Leader Brian Page, R.A.A.F., recently returned from America, squires attractive Ruth Walker to Prince's. Ruth flies from Brisbane from job with American Army headquarters. She stays with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Walker, of Manly.

YOUTH'S DAY OUT. Cheering the crews on to victory. Esther Judson (left), Keith Davison, Peter Dalziel, and Bonnie Abeshowse barrack for their schools when they attend the Head of the River Regatta.

TOAST FOR BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Gordon Nagel, of Charlotte Plains, Cunnamulla, Queensland, and his vivacious bride, Lorraine Bram Collins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bram Collins of Neutral Bay, and also of Rosella Plains, Mount Surprise, Queensland, at reception at Pickwick Club after marriage at St. Philip's, Church Hill.

HONEYMOONERS. Major Aldridge Rumsey, Royal Army Medical Corps, and his bride, formerly Dorothy Stevenson, daughter of the Bishop of Grafton, Right Rev. W. H. W. Stevenson, and of Mrs. Stevenson, honeymoon at Hotel Manly after marriage at Christ Church Cathedral, Grafton.

YOUNGER SET. Members of Old Contemptible Younger Set, Jeanette Pitt (left), Alba Callinan, Shirley McAllister, and Annette Hamilton plan first annual dinner dance in aid of St. Margaret's Hospital building fund. Dance will be held on Sunday, May 20, at Roosevelt Club.

FOURTH BIRTHDAY. Wrans June Stephens (left), Wilma Moore, Beryl Phillips, Betty Elliott blow out candles at Wrans' fourth birthday party held at The Australian Women's Weekly Club. Nearly 700 guests attended the dance, including R.A.N. officers, Wrans, and their partners.

BUFFET LUNCHEON. Agnes Doyle (second from left) and Kathleen Robinson lunch informally at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen with servicegirls Private J. McDonald, A.W.A.S. (left), and Wren M. Parry. Agnes plays lead in "The Voice of the Turtle," at Minerva.

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MR. KEITH HOWARD

Compere who was an actor

ADDITIONAL interest has been given to the "Melodies and Memories" session by the appointment recently of Mr. Keith Howard to compere these broadcasts from Melbourne.

During the last 11 years Keith Howard has played about 1000 roles in radio plays.

His outstanding performances were in "Beau Geste" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

He will be remembered by Australian audiences for his lead with Yvonne Banvard and Nellie Bramley in the musical comedy, "Legitimate."

In his new job as compere, Keith Howard will interview stage and radio personalities in Melbourne for the "Melodies and Memories" session, broadcast from Station 2GB every Saturday at 8 p.m.

In Sydney the interviews for this session are done by John Cazabon.

On May 26 Keith Howard will interview Edwin Styles, well-known comedian.

This is not Mr. Styles' first appearance as guest artist with "Melodies and Memories." John Cazabon interviewed him in Sydney, when Styles discussed his first appearance in variety.

Other stars previously interviewed by John Cazabon for this session, who are now in Melbourne, and will be interviewed by Keith Howard, include Madge Aubrey, Evelyn Gardiner, and Renee Murphy.

Musical comedy

ANOTHER 2GB session, which combines stage and radio interest, is "A Spot of Musical Comedy" at 9 p.m. on Sundays.

During this session hit numbers from all musical comedies are revived, and many of the world's leading musical comedy stars are featured in these presentations.

Many recordings unobtainable commercially and made specially for 2GB are included in the session.

Miss Molly Grouse writes the script for "A Spot of Musical Comedy." It contains anecdotes of the shows and the personalities who played in them.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, May 9: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, May 10 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."
FRIDAY, May 11: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, May 12: Goodie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Melody Foursomes."
SUNDAY, May 13 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, May 14: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From the Services."
TUESDAY, May 15: "Music From Other Lands."

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Ready To Wear.—36, 38in. hips, 25/6; 40, 42, 44in. hips, 26/11. Postage, 1/2½.
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"PENELOPE": Smartest and most serviceable of all blouses in pastel pink or plain white rayon crepe-de-chine.
Ready To Wear.—32, 34in. bust, 28/11; 36, 38, 40in. bust, 30/6. Postage, 1/4½.
Cut Out Only.—32, 34in. bust, 18/11; 36, 38, 40in. bust, 20/6. Postage, 1/4½.
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Complete Set (Ready To Wear): 32, 34in. bust, £3/10/-; 36, 38, 40in. bust, £3/15/-; plus 20 coupons, 2/10 postage.
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When ordering please give bust, hip, length measurements. Also give second color choice for "Cornelia" and "Lydia." Be sure to include coupons.

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F3450.—Cleverly cut frock with draped midriff. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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F. 3464

F3464.—Smartly tailored suit. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3455.—Charming frock for special outings. 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F. 3455

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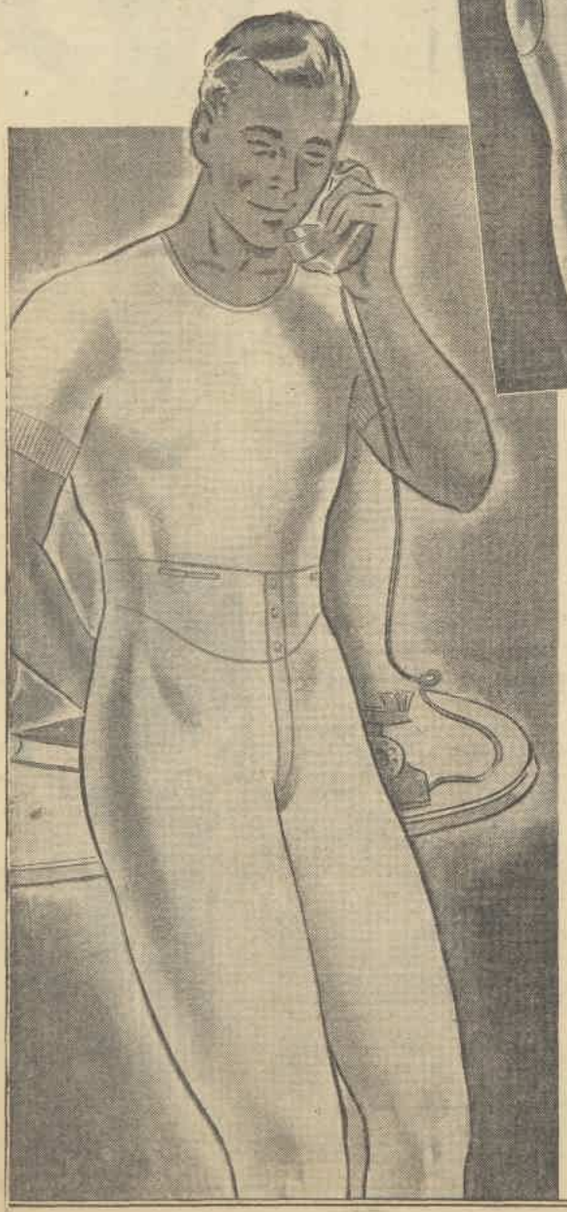

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Tens of thousands of discerning Australian women have already proved that "Nevashrink" all-wool underwear is absolutely shrink-proof. Week after week they've been plunging the family's all-wool underwear into warm, cleansing suds—washing and rinsing it thoroughly. And *still* it remains soft and fleecy retaining its shape and perfect fit! That is because "Nevashrink" is the result of a unique process (adopted *exclusively* by Eagley) which removes the cause of "thickening" and shrinkage. See the range of styles of "Nevashrink" today at your favourite Store. They cost no more than ordinary woollen garments — representing better value for your money and those precious coupons!

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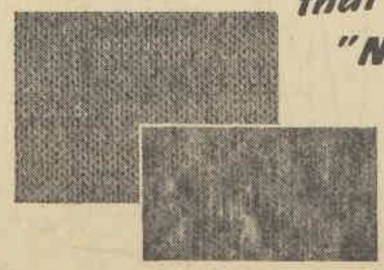

The photograph at the left is a section of Eagley "Nevashrink" which was washed thoroughly in soapy water at 180° temperature. There was no shrinking or felting. Note the difference with the ORDINARY woollen garment (near photo) which was given the same test. It shrank considerably and "matted."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4727571

No Other Love

Continued from page 3

SUSAN laughed. A pleasant evening with Roderic, dead tired from the nervous strain of the operating theatre. She had hardly entered the place before, and the only work she had ever done was lifting the patients.

"All right. I'll post your letter, sergeant—and don't fret. You've got a blighty all right this time."

She put the letter in her pocket and went down stairs to the theatre, put on a gown and mask, and a tight cap over her fair hair. Slug was already there.

They wheeled the patient in. His dark hair lay sideways against the pillow, and he was wrapped up in blankets to his chin.

Susan stared at him unbelieving, her heart racing. The glittering, tortured eyes looked up at her, and one of them achieved a wink—a valiant greeting to an unknown masked nurse. Still Susan gazed down at him, thinking that it must be a desert mirage which made her think that it was Ronny lying on the trolley.

The Slug went across to him, speaking in the bullying, loving, reassuring brogue that somehow took all fear off what he would do from the boys he operated on. She heard Ronny's voice gamely chipping the surgeon, and then she knew that it was no mirage. She moved forward to the table as the anaesthetist said quietly: "Just breathe naturally, old man; slow, deep breaths." The hoarse ghost of a voice answered mockingly: "All done by kindness."

Susan worked like a mechanical doll behind the theatre sister. She did not let herself think during that time. After Ronny had been wheeled away to his ward, and the doctor gone, they cleared up the theatre. Susan took off her gown, mask and cap, dumped them in the basket, feeling as though she had been hit and was slowly coming back to consciousness.

It was impossible—incredible, and yet so very possible. Ronny—after all this time. He had not altered much. Gaunt, older, war-worn—but just the same.

She met Bridget running across the quadrangle, a filthy R.A.F. uniform over her arm.

"Hurry up, Sue. And for the love of Mike don't waste time on glamor. I'll be with you in a second. Turn on the bath for me."

"What's that?" Susan pointed at the uniform.

"The casualty the Slug just operated on. Seen his eyelashes? Whoo-hoo! I'm taking it down to be laundered." She turned up the breast of the tunic. "D.F.C. and D.S.O. with bar! Squadron-leader. Whoo-hoo again!"

She stepped off and Susan, wordlessly, watched her go.

In the narrow room she shared with Bridget, Susan put on a white silk suit. She brushed her pale blonde hair out in loose waves and picked up a big shady hat, gloves, and bag as Bridget tore in, exclaiming wildly over a succession of loose shoulder-straps and missing buttons. Susan perched on the edge of the bed waiting for her to dress. It was a rule the matron had made that all nurses who went out unescorted must go in pairs—a rule strictly kept as far as the corner of the palm-lined boulevard.

They hurried out together, parting as usual with promises to meet at ten at the corner. Susan walked on alone and boarded a tram that came clanking along between the palms.

Roderic was waiting for her at a little table on the brilliantly lighted terrace of the big hotel. She stood for a moment watching him, admiring his broad shoulders, his beautifully cut uniform, the authoritative turn of his handsome head. He saw her almost at once, and rose to meet her.

"Hullo, Susan. I've ordered our dinner in case all the chicken was scoffed. Shall we have a drink first?"

He pulled out a chair for her, settled her in it, ordered their drinks, and noticed the shadows beneath the grey eyes. He said, gently: "You're tired."

"Yes," she smiled. "A hard day—I had to go into the theatre just before I left—we're short-handed; I'm not used to that—I was scared."

"Unpleasant?" He hated the idea of her nursing, other than bending sympathetically over a pillow.

"I'll get used to it. Sorry I'm late."

"I'll forgive you," he smiled. "I'd forgive you anything to-day. I've rather special news—I've heard from your uncle—the solicitor."

"Uncle Aubrey?"

"Yes. He seems to think that if we could locate your husband we really might get the divorce moving."

She had never promised to marry him, but he seemed always to take it as an accepted fact that if she could obtain her freedom she would.

Roderic leaned toward her. "I've located him through a friend at 'Records.' He's stationed along the coast here with a fighter squadron."

"He's nearer than that," she said.

"What d'you mean?"

"He's in the hospital. They brought him in to-day . . . shot down on patrol. It was him they operated on. It will be a long time before he flies again — he's — he's badly wounded."

There was a trenchant silence. He looked up at her, his attractive face troubled. "That's the devil, Susan." She knew exactly what he meant. From being an antagonist, someone to be overcome, Ronny was now someone protected by the scruples of decency and compassion.

Roderic twisted his glass between his fingers. "It brings in all sorts of complications. He's bound to see you, Susan—what are you going to tell him?"

"I haven't thought. It was rather a shock to see him."

"Yes. It must have been. Look, there's our waiter beckoning. We'd better claim our table. Finish your drink."

She had the feeling that they were both playing for time—she because she did not know what to say; he because he was unable to force her hand.

"I had a letter from mother," she said irrelevantly, as he picked up the menu, "asking me about getting a governess for Chris."

"Seems a good idea," he replied casually. She knew he didn't want to talk about Chris, but she wanted to say what was in her mind.

"I'd like him to go to school. A nursery day school, where he will be with lots of other children. I don't believe in making children so special. It was bad for me. I'm sure that's what Ronny would prefer for him."

"Why not ask him?" he said briefly.

"I will—when he's better."

He put out his hand across the table and took one of hers.

"Susan—what is the matter with you to-night? I know—you've had a shock, and you're all bristly and defensive."

She smiled gratefully for his understanding.

"I wish we could get everything settled. I want to take you right away from all this—from the grinding work of hospital life. I want to give you everything you want."

She withdrew her hand. Everything she wanted. There is no love but love. There are only makeshifts and second bests. She said uncertainly, "Roderic——"

He interrupted her quickly.

"Susan—you've got to look at this sensibly. I know he's pretty bad and I know how you must feel. But you've got to think of your future. You mustn't let sentiment and pity cloud what you know to be true. I wrote to your mother, telling her what I felt for you, and that I hoped one day you would be my wife, and I had a letter from her. A wonderful letter, telling me all about your life, what you've suffered. You don't want, because of a misguided pity for a wounded man, to go back to that again."

She sparkled with sudden mischief. "He might not want me. Ronny is extremely attractive. Descriptions of his looks and gallantry are already setting the nurses' hostel on fire. He might have found someone else." She could say that and laugh, because she knew it was not true. She knew in her heart, in her inmost self, that he would never love anyone but her.

Roderic's face lit at her sudden animation. "You're trying to tease me—you know that no one, loving you, could possibly think of anyone else."

Flattery, and she had fished for it; she was ashamed of herself and abruptly turned the conversation. "What did mother say?"

"She told me how he left you alone, a girl of twenty, not well, with a young baby and no one to help you."

She rose instinctively to the defence. "But there was no reason for me to be without help, except that I was so incompetent at engaging people, and always picked a plausible rogue instead of taking up proper references."

He shrugged that away. "How could you? You had no experience. It's a man's duty to take every sort of worry from a woman at such a time."

"But I should have acquired experience. That was my chance to learn if I'd had the courage — Ronny was only a few years older than me. I had no right to run snivelling home to let mother pamper me every time I struck a snag."

"But he had no need to leave you alone. There was no urgency in those days. He should have made arrangements for you first."

"He saw how things were. He had been in Germany. He knew—he felt he must get trained before the crash came. It was my fault that I didn't realise it, too. He didn't want to leave me alone."

She was arguing stubbornly — as though she had been briefed for Ronny's defence.

There was a long pause.

"I believe you're still in love with him," said Roderic.

The sun was sinking now. The sky was delirious with color. From innumerable minarets all over the city the muezzins were giving the call to prayer. She looked across at Roderic. It was true. It was what she had wanted to say. She said rather inadequately: "I'm sorry, Roderic. I thought it was over. It isn't. It never will be. Only now, I'm better equipped to be his wife."

He said quietly, firmly, without any show of feeling: "I think you're crazy. I'll telephone you at the end of the week. You'll probably have changed your mind. You have to think of your future, Susan."

It sounded so exactly like mother and father and Uncle Aubrey. Had she really been on the verge of sinking back into that over-upholstered reliance on safety? She was suddenly scared for Christopher, alone there at Maidenhead. She rose, picking up her gloves and bag, and Roderic rose, too.

"I'll telephone you to-morrow, Susan."

She shook her head, and smiled. "I'm sorry, Roderic." He watched her slim, white-clad figure run down the steps into the street, not knowing — and had he known he would not have believed it—that he would not hear her voice again.

Susan climbed into the tram and bumped back through the sudden velvety dark toward the hospital. As she neared the gate, Peter and Bridget came by at a trot, and Hassim, the whites of his eyes rolling with fear, pushed Peter through the gate. Two minutes later they heard Peter's drawling, charming voice saying to his ward sister that he simply could not understand how she had missed him, as he'd been reading in the grounds the whole evening.

Susan said breathlessly: "I'm just going along to the ward," and fled, leaving Bridget staring after her.

The night sister was surprised to find her sitting next to the new casualty, chin on her hands, gravely watching the young, white face on the pillow. Ronny gave a troubled groan, and stirred, and the color ran eagerly under Susan's fair skin.

The night sister said irritably: "You're not on duty, Chester; it is most irregular for you to come into the ward like this on your off-duty period, and not in uniform."

"I wanted to be with my husband when he wakes," Susan said simply.

The night sister said irritably: "You're to say. There were no rules about wives here—there were no wives." The boy on the bed stirred again, and his dark eyes opened, gazed round bewilderingly until they rested on the face bent over him, the grey eyes full of hope and anxiety and tears.

"Why, Sue!" he said, and then he stopped and his expression changed. "I believe I'm going to be sick."

"That's all right, darling—there's a basin here," she said comfortingly.

His eyebrows rose comically at that. "I do believe you've come back to me."

The tear suddenly spilled over and fell on his thin cheek. He reached up hungry arms and drew her down to him. The night sister walked quickly back to her desk as Susan knelt beside him, lifting his dark head and cradling it against her heart.

(Copyright)

Comparisons...

MY heart leaps up when I can see
A woman, fatter far than me,
Who wears an even larger dress,
Than just a simple E.O.S.

Whose podgy hands are fat-encased,
Who hasn't even got a waist;
My heart leaps up when I can see
A woman fatter far than me.

But sometimes doubt attacks me sore,
And stabs me to my heart's own core,
Because, when first she looks at ME,
A mountain I'll appear to be!

She'll sweep my contours with her eyes,
And sigh, "I'll never be HER size;
"Before I grew to such a bulk
"I'd DIET all my surplus bulk!"

The fat and fatter oft must meet,
When walking down the busy street,
And each will privately aver,
"I couldn't be as fat as her!"

—SONIA HARDIE.

Spring Song

Continued from page 7

"I THOUGHT it was a plane. There was a lot of gunfire. I thought it was going to hit the house. But then it didn't. It didn't hit the house while I was still just getting hold of the thought that it would. It's a good thing you can't think fast enough when you see something like that. It fell just behind the trees there, and a great big black cloud went up into the sky and fell on the house. The house stood on its end, and danced about. But nothing broke. And Susan didn't wake. I thought the cloud was smoke, and that the plane had exploded. There must have been a big bang, but funnily enough I'm not sure about that. They say it buried itself deep in the soft river earth, and that was what I saw go up into the sky. A great big cloud of dirt.

"Taffy and Enid came round, and so did the Woodwards. They knew you were on duty. I was only in my nightie, so I didn't come down, but just told them I was all right from the window. Wasn't it sweet of them to think of Susan and me?"

"Very," I said. "Taffy rang me."

"If I'd only known he was going to!" Midge said. "I wouldn't have let him for a thousand pounds. Worrying you!"

"He meant very well," I said. "People imagine we censors know everything. He'd fancy I'd see an immediate report, naming our road, and be worried. People think censors are on the inside. Funny, isn't it? Remember when clothes rationing came in and I was caught with only one best suit? That shows how much censors know. But you're sure you're all right?"

"Fine," Midge said. "Only sleepy. Go down and get yourself a drink, sweet. You've had a nasty shock."

At that I had. As I've said we don't keep the stuff in the house, but there is a bottle of rum standing by for emergencies. I had a couple of tots. I felt I needed them.

And then I crept in beside Midge, and that was the end of our bomb story, and the last one I ever want to have to tell. The Local had a great topic of conversation next day. We were quite excited and delighted. You'd have thought our bomb was some sort of a distinction conferred on the locality. And it awoke the ghosts of all the old bomb stories which had been dead for ages. They echoed round the bar with a new lease of life, and everyone was very bored with them, except the particular chap who was telling his.

But it gave me a queer kind of feeling to find that only one bomb had fallen that night—you know the phrase: "There was some slight enemy activity last night"—and that Midge should have seen it with Susan asleep in her cot.

On my way back from the Local at lunch-time I saw a hawk wheeling high in the blue sky of spring. So when I came in I said casually, "There's a darned great hawk or eagle or something flying about up there."

Midge, who'd been as calm as a lake about our bomb, turned pale. "Susan," she cried, and rushed outside to snatch the precious baby out of its pram before it was carried off by the eagle to some nest perched on a ledge on an inaccessible cliff. Women are funny, aren't they?

I was only surprised that the same fear hadn't swept over Assistant Press Censor Brown. It wasn't like him to run risks where Susan was concerned. And women aren't the only people who are funny. As he'd brought his budget up to date he made ready to go, but not with the haste which had marked his exits since Susan had been on view for her last meal round about ten-thirty. I saw he had something on his mind.

"What's troubling you?" I asked. A.P.C. Brown twirled his hat and looked shy. "We were wondering, Midge and I," he said, "about the christening. My brother—my famous naval brother—is going to be one of the godfathers. We wondered if you'd be the other? I mean, if it wasn't too much trouble after you've been so kind."

Well, it's an odd thing, you know—I'm fairly hard-boiled, but I was flattered. I'd heard so much about this blessed Susan that she was almost real to me. Just another baby, not like my Epstein head, but real all the same. Me as a godfather is funny, but I let that go. I couldn't hurt that simpleton.

I said I'd be delighted. The extraordinary thing is I meant it. I suppose the poor cluck would have said that just went to show what babies did to people. Or not babies in general, of course—Susan!

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Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ WESTERN APPROACHES

HERE is an authentic, gripping drama of the Merchant Navy which fully justifies the two years spent in production.

Brilliantly directed by Pat Jackson, and photographed in superb technicolor, this is undoubtedly one of the finest sea films ever made.

The story is an unforgettable one, centred on the adventures of twenty-four survivors of a merchant ship, adrift in the mid-Atlantic in one small lifeboat with very little food and water.

This is no star-studded epic, but a simple and vividly portrayed story that has rarely been surpassed for suspense and thrills.

None of the serving officers and men who play the leading parts are professional actors. Jackson gave them the idea of what he wanted, and then let them put it into their own words. England's most accomplished actors could never have given such memorable performances. —Embassy; showing.

★★★ KINGS ROW

WARNERS have made an impressive and deeply moving film from Henry Bellamann's best-seller dealing with life in a humdrum small American town. The theme presents a frank unmasking of such a town, with the resultant high drama, humor, and pathos that are to be found there. The characters struggle to find happiness against the opposition of circumstance and misunderstanding.

Infinite care has been given to the selection of the cast, and as a result many of the individual performances are superb. As the girl from the slums, Ann Sheridan does amazingly well in an emotional role. Robert Cummings is not quite so convincing, but his characterisation is a particularly difficult one. Perhaps the most telling performance of the film is Betty Field's touching portrayal of the insane girl. Ronald Reagan is attractive as Cummings' courageous friend. Outstandingly fine performances are given by Charles Coburn, Claude Rains, and Mario Ouspenskaya in important supporting roles.—Tatler; showing.

★★ SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE

FROM the very popular best-selling novel of the same name, MGM have made an amusing, slightly sentimental comedy that is tonic escapist entertainment.

To recommend it this film has bright dialogue, plenty of ingenuous comedy situations, smooth direction, and a couple of ingratiating young stars.

Private Hargrove, formerly an awkward, likeable young reporter, is expertly played by Robert Walker. His bewildered acceptance of Army routine and his wide-eyed trust in his fellow soldiers are neatly portrayed. As the girl he loves, Donna Reed was a splendid selection, and is beautifully photographed. The love sequences between them are some of the best scenes of the film —they are a subtle blend of tenderness and comedy.

Robert Benchley is excellent in a small role, and as Walker's Army pals, Keenan Wynn, Bill Phillips, and George Offerman, jun., do well.—St. James; showing.

★★ WHEN STRANGERS MARRY

MONOGRAM have turned out an entertaining psychological thriller with a high quota of excitement.

The tale is about a murderer and a manhunt—not very new, admittedly—but there are some bright new angles in the concise script, and this is backed up by neat direction, photography, and acting.

Dean Jagger is likeable and convincing as the mysterious newlywed and murder suspect, and attractive young newcomer Kim Hunter does well as his distracted wife.

In contrast to the usual jaded whodunits, the ending is smart and surprising.

Robert Mitchum is neatly cast as Miss Hunter's cheerful friend, and Neil Hamilton is fine as the police inspector.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

★ UNCERTAIN GLORY

IT is no fault of either Paul Lukas or Errol Flynn that this film slumps—they do the best they can with the poor material afforded them.

The story, however, is tedious and boring—unforgivable faults in what should be an action melodrama. The film takes too long to develop, and, being set in Occupied France, is badly dated.

The theme deals with a French murderer (Flynn) who escapes on the eve of his execution, and is recaptured by police inspector Paul Lukas. The rest of the film is spent in trying to solve the ethical problem of whether Flynn should be executed as a murderer, or should be allowed to sacrifice himself as a saboteur, thus freeing a hundred hostages.

Flynn has a brief romance with screen newcomer Jean Sullivan, who is mildly attractive, but the interlude affords few opportunities for the swashbuckling hero.—Empire; showing.

★ BRIDE BY MISTAKE

A WEAK script can completely ruin a film no matter how attractive the cast, and that is the way it is with this RKO comedy.

The tale is just a not-too-new variation of the poor little rich girl, and with Laraine Day the appealingly pretty heiress.

Terrified that people will cultivate her only because of her wealth, Laraine frequently has her secretary-companion, Marsha Hunt, impersonate her at public functions.

All goes well until our heroine falls in love with flier Alan Marshall, and then the complications pile on thick and fast. Allyn Joslyn manages to sneak in a little comedy now and then.—Century; showing.

MARSHA HUNT arrives at a dinner dance at Los Angeles Occidental College, to celebrate her election by the students as "favorite sweetheart." President of the College greets Marsha and escort, Marshall Thompson.

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY
MACQUARIE RADIO THEATRE
"She Passed Through Lorraine"
From the Macquarie Auditorium at 8 p.m.

MONDAY
"LEAVE PASS"
The Quiz for the Services with JACK DAVEY. 8 p.m.
"LASTING LOVELINESS"
Terry Howard's charming voice. 8.30 p.m.

TUESDAY
"RADIO STAGE"
Half-hour radio plays with something for every taste.
Every Tuesday, 1 to 1.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY
THE Cashmere Bouquet Show
Jack Burgess compering—Kitty Bluett, Don Baker, Bill Fennell, and Wayne Froman.
8 P.M.

THURSDAY
"Library of the Air."
"ANNA KARENINA"
Count Leo Tolstoy's novel of 19th Century Russia, starring Lyndall Barbour and John Saul. 8 p.m.

FRIDAY
"THE SINGING SALESMAN"
The beautiful tenor voice of John Milton presenting numbers you always enjoy.
6.30 p.m.

SATURDAY
"PRISONER AT THE BAR"
Dramatisations of famous court trials of the world. 9 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! Key Station of the Macquarie Network 2GB

Pastoral

Continued from page 15

THE girl said: "I am sorry." She relapsed into silence, worried over what she had unearthed. This was another side of Marshall that she had not seen before, this apparently unreasonable irritation with his crew. From what she had heard she felt that he had been unfair to them; certainly Gunnar Franck considered that he had been hardly used.

She felt that Flight-Lieutenant Marshall deserved a reprimand and she felt that she would have liked to give it to him herself, and that she could do so in a way that would improve matters. She felt, sincerely, that it was a very great pity that they were not upon speaking terms; she would have liked to tell Peter Marshall just where he got off.

It was perfectly true that Marshall was bad-tempered. He was sleeping very badly; no more than six hours in each night, which seemed to him fantastically little. Most of the rest of the time that he spent in bed he spent in self-deprecation, thinking what an almighty fool he had made of himself with Gervase.

Each time they met he felt that she must be smiling inwardly at the memory of their last meeting in the wood, and he didn't blame her. This happened to him three or four times every day. The recurring humiliation mingled strangely with his admiration, which was quite unchanged. He still noted every movement that she made, each characteristic gesture, each light in her hair.

If you take a large, hungry dog and tie it up, and feed it very little, and tease it with large lumps of meat just out of reach, it will soon become very bad-tempered indeed. It will snap not only at you but at everybody else.

You can make it good-tempered by giving it the meat, or you can make it good-tempered by taking away the temptation altogether, when the dog will adjust itself to its meagre diet. When you continue teasing it with the unattainable it will remain restless and bad-tempered. Scientists prove this sort of thing by practical experiment.

Sergeant Phillips was no scientist, but merely an observer of phenomena. He told Elsie Smeed about it in the darkness of the country lanes as he walked her back from the pictures, his arm comfortably about her waist. "Fed up, I am," he said. "Real nasty he's been lately."

"Why, whatever about?" she asked.

He said: "We got a target what we line the guns on after firing, see? Great big white board."

"I see them using it," she said. "Big white board on legs with spots on it, what they put up behind the aeroplane."

"That's right," he said. "You put the sight on the one in the middle and line the barrels up on the other four, 'n there you are, see? Well, that's the way they tell you to do it, but that's for two hundred yards, 'n I like two of them to be splayed a little bit more for three hundred, and two of them, the bottom two, pulled in a bit so's they're right for hundred and twenty, hundred and fifty, see?"

"I see," the girl said. She didn't see at all, but it was all very dull and didn't seem to matter anyway. "What happened?"

"Well, I got them nicely fixed, 'n he comes down the fuselage and says he wants to see. So I gets out of the turret 'n he gets in, and then he says I'm not lined up. Well, I was lined up, but not the way it was on the target. So then he didn't half start carrying on."

"You don't say!"

"Real nasty, he was," said the sergeant. "Said if I didn't want to obey orders 'n do it like it was on the target he'd chuck me out of the crew and get another gunner what'd do as he was told. I said it was the way I had them when I got the night-fighter over Rostock, an' he asked if I had them like that when we got shot up at Hamburg, 'n I had to say it was.

"THEN he got sort of sarcastic, so I told him the armament officer said I could have them my way if I wanted."

"What did he say to that?"

"Said I could go and fly with the armament officer on the firing-teacher if I wanted to. It wasn't so much what he said as the way he said it, if you take me."

She breathed sympathetically: "Oh, I say! What happened in the end?"

"We got them fixed like on the target," the sergeant said. "He come and checked them over again after I finished, as if he didn't trust me not to do it my way after all." He sounded hurt and aggrieved. "So that's the way we got 'em now."

There was a short silence. "I don't like 'em that way," he said uneasily. "I don't think it's as good as the way I had them. It only gives you one chance, like."

"I'd like to give him a piece of my mind," the girl said decidedly. "What's it got to do with 'im anyway? He ain't the one that's shooting."

"He's the Cap," said Sergeant Phillips justly, "and what he says goes, if you take me. But he's quite changed lately. What I mean is, we was all matey together up to not so long ago, but now it's as if he was the officer and everybody else was so much dirt."

"What's happened, then, to make him go like that?"

"I dunno," said the sergeant. "I can't make it out."

LAW Smeed had a simple, elemental mind. To her, and at her age, there was only one explanation for the unusual. "Maybe he's in love," she said.

Sergeant Phillips considered this for a moment. Everybody at Hartley aerodrome was deeply interested in love, except perhaps the Adjutant and Flight-Officer Stevens, and one or two others more than twenty-five years old. For the majority of the wing, love was as essential a commodity as petrol, and much more interesting.

"With that section-officer of yours?" he said. "The one you asked her name?"

"Might be," the girl said. "I haven't seen them about together though, have you?"

"No," said the sergeant thoughtfully. "It could be that, though. He wanted to know her name all right."

"She's been sort of pale and quiet the last day or two," the girl said hopefully. "Think she shot him down?"

"If she did," he said, "he's got no call to take it out on us."

In the darkness outside the gate into the station they exchanged expressions of mutual esteem, then broke away and walked in separately past the guard. There was a prejudice at Hartley against walking past the guard arm-in-arm, even when returning from the pictures.

It was true enough that Gervase was not quite herself. Like Marshall, she had not foreseen that the clean break they had arranged would be impractical. She saw him every day in the mess, and she was troubled to observe that he seemed moody and depressed. Previously, in her experience, Marshall had been the fount of new amusements. It troubled her to see him sitting bored and listless with a newspaper.

It troubled her still more that he was watching her so closely. She was not angry with him; he was quite nice and unobtrusive over it, but whenever they were in the room together she knew that his eyes were on her. It made her feel as if all that they had settled in the wood was worthless; nothing was changed between them after all.

She thought that by the line that she had taken she had extinguished the fire; it was now clear to her that she had merely smothered it, that it was still as much alive as ever, secretly. She felt as if she were sitting on a volcano, and it worried her.

To be continued.

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• LAMBERTSON TWINS—Donna and Elissa—make their film debut at the age of seven months, when they play Marjorie Reynolds' twin daughters in Sol Lesser's "Three's a Family." The chubby pair were given a film contract when they won a nation-wide contest in which nearly 500 babies were entered.

• GENE TIERNEY, glamorous Fox star, takes time off to relax in her lovely garden. Gene was recently voted the best-dressed woman in America, and her husband, Oleg Cassini, now in the U.S. Army, designs most of her sensational gowns. For her role in "Bell for Adano" Gene has dyed her hair blonde.

• FAYE EMERSON, attractive blonde actress who recently married Col. Elliott Roosevelt, lunches in her dressing-room at Warner Bros., where she is making "Between Two Worlds." Faye's leading men in this film are John Garfield and Paul Henreid.

Movie World

• JOAN LESLIE, photographed while she rests between scenes of Warners' "Hollywood Canteen," in which Joan appears with two new leading men—Robert Hutton and Dane Clark. Joan has been a hostess at the Hollywood Canteen since its opening.

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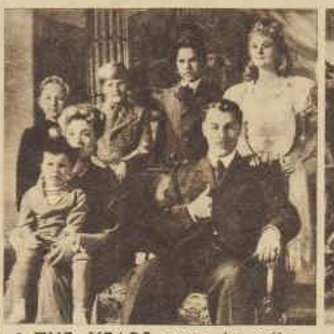
An American Romance

1 **CZECH,** Stefan (Brian Donlevy), comes to America in 1900, and through his cousin (John Qualen) he gets a job in the Mesabi iron mines.

2 **SCHOOLTEACHER,** Anna (Ann Richards), teaches Stefan to read and write, and falls in love with him, but he is interested only in steel.

3 **STEFAN** goes to Chicago, and steel-making becomes his life, but when he saves up enough money he sends for Anna, and they are married.



4 **THE YEARS** pass happily and prosperously. Stefan and Anna have five children; first a girl, then four boys.

5 **AFTER** the First World War, in which their eldest son is killed, Stefan manufactures steel for automobiles. Schoolteacher Howard (Walter Abel) becomes his partner.

6 **THE NEW INDUSTRY** is a great success. Then Stefan clashes with his son (Horace McNally) and Howard over unions and leaves the business.

7 **IN CALIFORNIA,** at their orange ranch, Anna and Stefan hear the news of the Pearl Harbor attack, and Stefan decides to establish an aircraft factory.

Australian girl starred

IN MGM's technicolor drama, "An American Romance," Ann Richards, attractive young Sydney girl, is seen in her first starring role in an American film. Her only other appearance on the American screen was as a 65-year-old woman in a short feature.

Ann is well known in this country for her stage and screen work.

The young star sailed for San Francisco in 1942. She arrived with 75 dollars, a few letters of introduction, and a warm friend in scenarist Carl Dudley, who had been in Australia. Ann's next film will be "The Love Letters."

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Dressmaker suits and jumper dresses are important

● Under your winter coat, a lumber-jacket dress in mustard-yellow woollen, featuring stitched high collar, waistband, and shoulder-tucks, with three-quarter scalloped sleeves.

● That neat suit for all day in town. Done in orange-tan woollen, the long, slender jacket has a smart bolero effect and over-collar at the front, which are outlined with saddle stitching.

● Soft green and white lightweight woollen for a dressmaker tunic-suit. Note clever use of joinings on the tunic to dramatise the striped material, otherwise lines are extremely simple.

● Another dress, to wear under your coat and lovely for spectator sports. In pastel blue wool, it is two-piece, a skirt and belted overblouse. Skirt and top are pets to wear separately, too.

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Supplied in large quantities for the fighting forces, hence occasional interruption of normal service to the public.

The Universal Fixer

Plan test-feeds for your baby...

By SISTER MARY JACOB

WHEN a breast-fed baby is not thriving properly or has any signs of indigestion, test-weighing is the only sure means of ascertaining just how much food baby is getting.

Therefore it is a safeguard against underfeeding or overfeeding, and can also be used as a check against the food being taken too quickly.

By means of test-weighing, a mother may discover that one breast secretes more milk than the other. As a result, her baby is not kept sucking ineffectually at an empty breast. Another may find that her baby is kept far too long at the breast, having got its full amount of food in half the time.

Test-feeding is a very simple procedure if reliable scales are used.

A leaflet giving simple hints on how to test-feed has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Fifth Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.

ABOVE: Infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Holman, of Lake Cargelligo, N.S.W. Matron Vidler, of the District Hospital, Lake Cargelligo, regards him as her special protege. Her enthusiastic application of Mothercraft principles is a great asset to mothers.

fortuna cloth

Time to plant berry-shrubs now

● Everyone exclaims over the beauty of berries for home and garden decoration, yet, comparatively speaking, few grow them. Why not choose from these? . . .

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

NOW that the chilly days are not far off, our minds naturally turn to shrub and tree planting.

For that reason we should bear in mind the names of a few shrubs that provide our feathered friends with food in winter, and our homes with bright berries.

The hawthorns are always bright and beautiful; varieties that yield red and orange berries are obtainable. The cotoneasters, too, yield huge trusses of brilliant berries, and the best of the berberis family are equally generous.

In the bush the hips of the wild sweet-briar paint the landscape well into winter. They can be used for decorative purposes or boiled down to make a rich, tasty syrup.

Most of the viburnums and members of the cornus or dogwood family also yield beautiful berries, varying in shade from pure white to almost black. These, however, are inedible and some poisonous.

Others that yield good berries are aronia (purple berries), Tasmanian pink berry, Euonymus europoeus (pink), ilex or holly (red), leycesteria or pheasant berry (purple), rowan or mountain ash (red berries), and raphiolepis (black berries).

Many excellent shrubs and trees also yield generous harvests of colored foliage, and the best, for late autumn or winter planting, are maples, abutilons, birches, beeches, some of the figs, ash, silver trees, poplars, oaks, liquidambars, sumachs, and rhus family.

Climatic influences may rob us of much of the best color in the warmer parts of Australia, but in the cooler, higher altitudes the autumn and early winter foliage pageant is splendid.

CHARM FOR THE FARM. A reader made this snappy outfit from a chaff-bag and old silk dress. Opened-up bag was dyed dusty-rose for skirt. Note pockets, fringed hemline. Blouse is banded in same color.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

FOR brighter furniture: Apply polish, leave for a while, and then use warmed polishing cloth for quick results.

* * *

HOW to clean up your parchment shades: Flick dust off (don't rub in), wipe over gently with cloth wrung out in warm, sudsy water. Wipe again with clean, damp cloth. Dry. Apply coating of wax floor polish if necessary.

* * *

BAKE your oven-fragrant bread? Next time, cut off a smaller loaf and insert piece of cheese in middle of dough—after kneading into shape. Baking will spread cheese. Slice, spread with butter. Delicious.

NOW... your old favourite is back again

"HI-SPEED"
IS NOW ON SALE
at all Hardware Stores or Grocers. Get "Hi-Speed" to-day and say "Good-bye" to dirty, greasy stoves.
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Nyal Figsen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

This simple shoe—executed with restraint and attention to detail—is the answer to war-time economy wardrobes. The Tango Court is equally "At Home" for practically every occasion. All wanted leathers—high or medium heel.

Bedggood FRIENDLY FOOTWEAR

★

The "Wedding March" was played

"There," he said, "is the woman I'll some day marry."
Her femininity, her vitality excited him; stimulated him; charmed him. He wanted just her. No one else. And in two months they were married.
"I've got to thank Creme Charmosan for it all," she told a friend. "Phillip, of course, knows I'm 39, but he always tells me I look hardly 25."
"I'm not young, but Creme Charmosan made me LOOK young. A while back I wasn't very pretty, but Creme Charmosan made me LOOK pretty."
"My dear," smiled Janet, "your skin has lost that '39' look. It's so petal smooth; with such clear, sweet charm; so pretty; so much younger looking. O, goodness, Creme Charmosan did WONDERS for your skin."
To hold powder with sweet witchery for many hours, to protect your skin from the ravages of the hot Summer sun and the cold winds of Winter, Creme Charmosan is priceless.

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ENJOY PICTURES AT LEISURE

A LOVELY FLOWER-PIECE becomes the focal point of this room for moderns. Note how picture hangs low above mantel. Walls are painted a delicate orchid-pink.

PICTURES are usually hung at eye-level, to be admired when standing, but why not keep a few low in parts of the house where one sits at rest? Both ways are shown above. Picture illustrates corner in the "Blue-door Arts," Latrobe Parade, Melbourne, where works of young artists (sponsored by Mrs. J. P. Williams) are displayed in home-like surroundings.

HERE on the old brick fireplace of this near-century-old house in Latrobe Parade, three charming and colorful pictures portraying the great outdoors are hung at varying levels, to be enjoyed sitting and standing. Of course, lower picture wouldn't stand up to huge log fire. Note size of pictures in relation to abbreviated mantelpiece.

Soft and soothing to
BABY'S TENDER SKIN

Here's the quick, pleasant way to ease the pain of chafed, irritated skin . . . just smooth the sore spots over with 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It brings a cool, fresh feeling to the sensitive, inflamed tissues. You can always be sure of the quality of 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. Ask for it to-day.

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PETROLEUM JELLY

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Appendicitis problem

● If a member of your family develops sudden abdominal pain don't give castor oil. The result may be disastrous

By MEDICO

I HAD been called to see Mrs. Henty's eight-year - old daughter, Judy. It was nearly midnight, and two hours ago Judy had awakened with a pain in her tummy.

I looked at her tongue, which was coated. I watched her tummy as she breathed, and it moved freely.

I carefully felt round to see if there were any tender spots, but the tenderness was up near the ribs, and she was not tender on the lower right side.

Her tummy muscles were not rigid, her temperature was normal, but pulse was slightly increased in rate.

"Do you think a dose of castor oil would help?" asked Mrs. Henty.

"That's one thing I'm most thankful Judy hasn't been given," I replied. "A tummy-ache like Judy's could well be an early symptom of appendicitis, and I'm still not certain that it isn't.

"If it is appendicitis, a dose of oil would most likely cause the appendix to burst. Should this happen, what would be a simple operation might become a serious surgical problem, with peritonitis as a complication."

"Thank heaven I didn't give her a dose then," said Mrs. Henty. "I nearly did before I rang you."

"The diagnosis of appendicitis is often a matter of great difficulty, even for a doctor," I said, "so you see that it would be impossible for a layman to decide whether to give a dose of oil or not. The wise plan is to play safe and not run the risk in a tummy-ache, especially one that seems to come out of a blue sky, like Judy's.

"It is still possible that Judy has eaten some infected food, but the next few hours will provide the answer.

"In the meantime, give nothing but sips of cold boiled water and keep her warm in bed. I'll call back early in the morning."

Five hours later Judy had several loose motions, and Mrs. Henty told me that she had given the child for her tea on the previous night some baked bread-custard left over from lunch, which had been kept warm in the oven between the meals.

I gave Judy six tablets of a special "sulpha" drug which has a specific effect on the bacteria causing dysentery. She was right by evening.

Recent developments in medical science have relegated castor oil to the museum. It always was a dangerous medicine.

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2-44

DON'T FORGET

That urgent need,
One 'tis wise to have and heed,
Note its name to get it right,
On your homeward way to-night;
Don't forget or you'll regret
When the days are wild and wet,
Best relief for colds assure,
Get that **Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.**

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in water and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.
Price, 2/- box. Sufficient for several months.

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the lingerie of tomorrow with new standards of comfort, new loveliness of fabric

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for the day when wartime shortages and restrictions disappear and we can again produce your favourite undies with the

Evalastic REGD. *Permanent* WAISTBAND ★

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Australian CHEESE

● A review of the cheeses on the market to-day, including those that are Australian cousins to the previously imported French, Italian, Swiss, and the Danish types.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

AUSTRALIAN CHEESE, equal in flavor to pre-war importations and with higher butter-fat content. Top: Edam Dutch type cheese, Mt. Gambier Cheddar, and N.S.W. Kameruka Cheddar. Left: Cottage cheese with processed package cheese, Cheddar type, picnic cheese, and processed cream cheese of French Gervais type. Right: Queensland Red Malling, Maczola of Roquefort type, and Australian Gorgonzola.

THE post-war position of the Australian cheese industry promises to be one of outstanding credit to this country.

Australia is admirably suited for cheese production and has already on the market all types of cheese comparable in every way to the best types of European cheese.

Our market can guarantee not only steady supply, but also continuity of flavor and quality not always guaranteed with importations from overseas.

Australians in the past have been among the smallest cheese consumers in the world. There is apparent, however, in the last few years an interesting increase in the demand for cheese. This may be due to the excellence of our product and to our closer contact with overseas people who, from the simplest to the most sophisticated, consider cheese a staple part of their everyday diet.

It may also be due to a greater general knowledge of food values.

Whatever the reason, discerning men and women are showing greater interest in not only the high nutritive value of cheese but in the aesthetic qualities of its fine flavors.

Australian manufacturers are endeavoring to develop our own name types, distinguished by characteristic Australian flavors and textures, and not to use the local European names such as Cheddar, Stilton, Camembert.

We are not yet at the stage where we can classify our cheese with total disregard of European name types, and for convenience the following classification has been planned for men and women who wish to be discriminating in their choice.

1.—SOFT, UNRIPENED CHEESE

This is the cottage or cream type of cheese, white in color, creamy in texture, and with a mild flavor.

The pot type or cottage type is made from the plain curd. The cream type usually has cream added. This cheese has not the cream content of pre-war cream cheese.

Many housewives make their own cottage cheese. Bought from the retailer or made at home, it may be flavored with herbs, capers, chives, carraway seeds, celery, nuts.

Use in salads: Luncheon spread with bread, jam, and fruit; in sandwiches and savories; with dinner dessert.

There has been a tremendous increase in the popularity of this type of cheese in the last few years. This is no doubt due to the excellent product available and to the fact that when used as a spread butter is not required.

2.—SOFT, RIPENED CHEESE

Is not manufactured here at present. Factories equipped for this type of cheese are working at full capacity producing the better keeping types such as Cheddar and Gruyere and the blue-veined cheeses.

This soft, ripe cheese quickly becomes overripe, and there was a great amount of loss on pre-war importations.

The Australian post-war industry, released from manpower difficulties, will be equipped to produce this type of soft, creamy cheese with its sharp flavor, strong odor, and crusty rind.

The French Brie and Camembert and the Limburger are the best known of the overseas soft, ripened cheeses.

3.—BLUE-VEINED CHEESE

Gorgonzola: Blue-green veined cheese of rich, strong flavor was originally imported from Italy and is now made in this country. Its quality is equal in all respects to pre-war importations.

This is an excellent cheese to be served with dinner dessert. It is usually served in small portions. It is also used in salads and in savory snacks.

Maczola: Is the Australian cheese similar to Roquefort or to Danish blue. It is a blue-green, mottled cheese with a sharp, salty flavor. Like Gorgonzola, it is a light-pressed cheese, greater in circumference than in height. (Stilton type is greater in height than in circumference.)

It is an excellent dinner cheese. Serve also with salads, especially with fruit and vegetable salads, and with poultry salads.

Romano Cheese: Of the Italian or Greek type, is also manufactured in this country in small quantities. There is no continuity of supply at present owing to wartime difficulties.

At present cheese storage capacity is so limited that this cheese is not held long enough. It needs over six months for proper maturing.

One of the Queensland Romanos is among the finest cheeses of its type in the world.

4.—CHEDDAR TYPE

There are a great number of brands distinguished by different fat and moisture contents, and different flavors grouped under this type.

This Cheddar type is a yellow cheese of smooth texture from firm to crumbly and with flavor that varies from mild to sharp. It is the best known of all types in common use.

Among the best known of the Australian Cheddars are:

Mt. Gambier Cheddar: A tasty, light yellow cheese.

Kameruka: White to creamy yellow, with a distinctive, robust flavor easily remembered.

Bodalla: A similar, well-flavored cheese of good texture.

Sunny South: A good Victorian Cheddar with a distinctive flavor, suitable for all types of cheese service.

Red Malling: A Queensland cheese. Although grouped under Cheddar, it is a cheese with original and distinctive qualities. It has a robust, nutty flavor, is pitted with holes, creamy yellow with a red rind. It has a texture and flavor easily remembered by a discriminating buyer.

All Cheddar types are fine dinner cheese; are delicious with fruit and vegetable salads, as appetisers or in cheese cookery.

5.—DUTCH EDAM AND GOUDA TYPES

Were originally imported from Holland. Similar cheeses are now most successfully manufactured in this country.

This type is spherical with slightly flattened ends, has a red coating with a salty, mild, nutty flavor. The Edam cheese has a rather dry and brittle texture; the Gouda has a higher moisture content.

The traditional service of a round Dutch cheese cuts off the top, scoops out the centre dice, and returns it to the case.

This cheese is delicious with fruit, vegetable, and egg salads, with snacks and sandwiches, and as a dinner cheese.

6.—SWISS TYPE

The Swiss Gruyere is a pleasing cheese of distinctive flavor and smooth texture, pitted with larger holes than some of the Cheddar types.

It is best eaten fresh—and is a favorite luncheon cheese.

It is excellent for the simple type of meal—bread and cheese and a glass of milk, with a simple salad, or with fruit at the end of a one or two course dinner.

There are several Gruyere cheeses manufactured in this country, among the best being a Malling Gruyere and a Macleay River Gruyere.

7.—HARD GRATED TYPE

There is a promise of the cheese industry branching out in the manufacture of a Parmesan type, previously imported from Italy. This hard, granular, well-matured cheese is bought grated. It is not as suitable as other types for general cookery, as it does not melt readily. It has, however, a sharp, distinctive flavor, and is convenient for sprinkling on finished savory dishes.

8.—PACKAGED PROCESSED CHEESE

This cheese has a pale golden color and a richly mild, nutty flavor.

It is popular not only for its smooth, creamy texture and uniform flavor, but for its unrivalled keeping quality and for the ease with which it may be used in cookery. It is also excellent with fruit and vegetable salads, with snacks, sandwiches, and as a dinner cheese.

It is processed in a number of flavors. The Cheddar type is the best known. Pimento cheese, curry cheese, and smoked cheese are among those packaged.

Packages vary between 1lb. and 5lb. in weight.

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New Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest selling deodorant

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods.

Distributors: Faxnett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

2/- a jar **ARRID**

BLEMISHES

Spots, roughness and soreness mar the beauty of skin and complexion! Use Cuticura Soap regularly—its antiseptic and medicinal properties make and keep the skin exquisitely smooth and charming. One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder. 529

Cuticura SOAP

CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of **Frozol-Ice** and pain goes. This better-type anaesthetic action works fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with **Frozol-Ice**—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists everywhere sell **Frozol-Ice.**

BACKACHE LEG PAINS May Be Danger Sign of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood, causing nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness. The genuine DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS restore to strained, overworked kidneys their full power of filtering the dangerous kidney poisons from the blood, and discharging them from the system.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. GET DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS today—at your chemist or store.

MAKE CRISP PASTRY SQUARES on slack days, store in airtight tin and use as required, hot or cold, with stewed fruit.

Dinner recipes from readers

● New ideas for everyday dishes are prizewinners this week: raisin-stuffed veal, cheese-flavored soup, minted fruit pies.

EACH one of these is a sound family recipe suitable for dinner menu for any day of the week.

They are all familiar recipes with a new turn to them—raisins in the stuffing for the veal, mint with the currants in the pies, cheese giving piquancy to the vegetable cream soup, artichokes giving interest to the casserole of mutton.

Other changes will suggest themselves to the keen cook.

RAISIN-STUFFED VEAL

One pound veal steak, 1 egg-yolk, ½ cup raisins, 2 cups breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons melted fat.

Combine breadcrumbs, raisins, egg-yolk, and melted fat and season well. Cut veal steak into four, place stuffing on each piece, roll and tie with string. Brown lightly in pan. Place in casserole. Partly cover with brown gravy. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) about 1 hour.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Vernon, 28a The Avenue, Windsor, Vic.

CHEESE AND VEGETABLE SOUP

Two tablespoons each of finely chopped onion and carrot, 1 tablespoon shortening (margarine or bacon fat), 1 tablespoon flour, ½lb. cheese, 2 cups stock or water, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Saute vegetables in half the shortening for 2 or 3 minutes. Add stock and simmer until tender. Make sauce by melting remainder of shortening, stirring in flour and then milk. Bring to boil, add to vegetables and stock. Add grated cheese, season to taste. Add parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Finn, Atkins Rd., Ermington, N.S.W.

MINT PASTIES

Four ounces shortcrust, 1½ cups currants, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons sugar (white or brown), 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint.

Use dripping or lard in mixing the shortcrust and add a teaspoon of sugar. Roll thinly, cut into rounds, and line patty-tins with half the pastry. Mix currants, lemon rind and juice and sugar, and fill patty-tins. Sprinkle with mint, moisten edges of pasty, and top with pastry. Glaze with milk or sugar and water and bake in hot oven until crisp and brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Price, Market St., Trentham, Vic.

PHILADELPHIAN MUTTON CUTLETS

Six mutton cutlets, 3 onions, 2 large peeled tomatoes, 1 heaped teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons melted lard, pepper, salt, Jerusalem artichokes.

Melt the lard, lightly brown cutlets, and brown onions. Place in casserole with sliced tomatoes, pepper and salt. Add about ½ cup water, cover and cook in fairly hot oven for 35 minutes. Scrub artichokes, peel as thinly as possible or peel after cooking. Cook in boiling water until tender, about 30 minutes. Drain, season, and mash well. Pile cutlets on hot dish, pour sauce over and pile artichokes round as border.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Clayton, c/o 457 Little Collins St., Melbourne.

WINTER PUDDING

(No eggs or butter)

One cup plain flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon any dark jam, handful currants and raisins, ½ teaspoon baking soda dissolved in small cup of milk.

Blend together flour, dripping, sugar, jam, and fruit, then add soda and milk. Mix well. Put in a greased mould and boil for two hours. Serve with custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. K. Wilson, 26 Bates St., Homebush West, N.S.W.

MELON PICKLE

Four pounds melon, 2oz. ground ginger, 1oz. mustard, 1oz. curry powder, ¾lb. sugar, 2oz. turmeric, 2oz. onions, a few chillies and a few cloves, and 3 pints of vinegar.

Cut melon into square pieces, sprinkle with salt, let stand overnight, strain off liquid next day. Add vinegar and other ingredients, boil for about two hours, till of right consistency. Cloves and chillies may be put in a little muslin bag if you do not like them left in the pickle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Nancy Wayne, 51 Dumbarton St., North Sydney.

BARLEY KERNEL NUTTIES

Quarter pound butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon golden syrup, 1 level teaspoon soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 2 cups barley kernels, 1 cup flour, ¾ cup sugar.

Melt butter and syrup, dissolve soda in boiling water, then add to syrup mixture. Mix barley kernels with sifted flour, add sugar, then syrup mixture. Mix well and drop in spoonfuls on a greased slide. Cook in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Brockbank, The Patch Rd., Monbulk, Vic.

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Permanently Yours Eugène

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